Volume One, Number One

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VENUS INFERS

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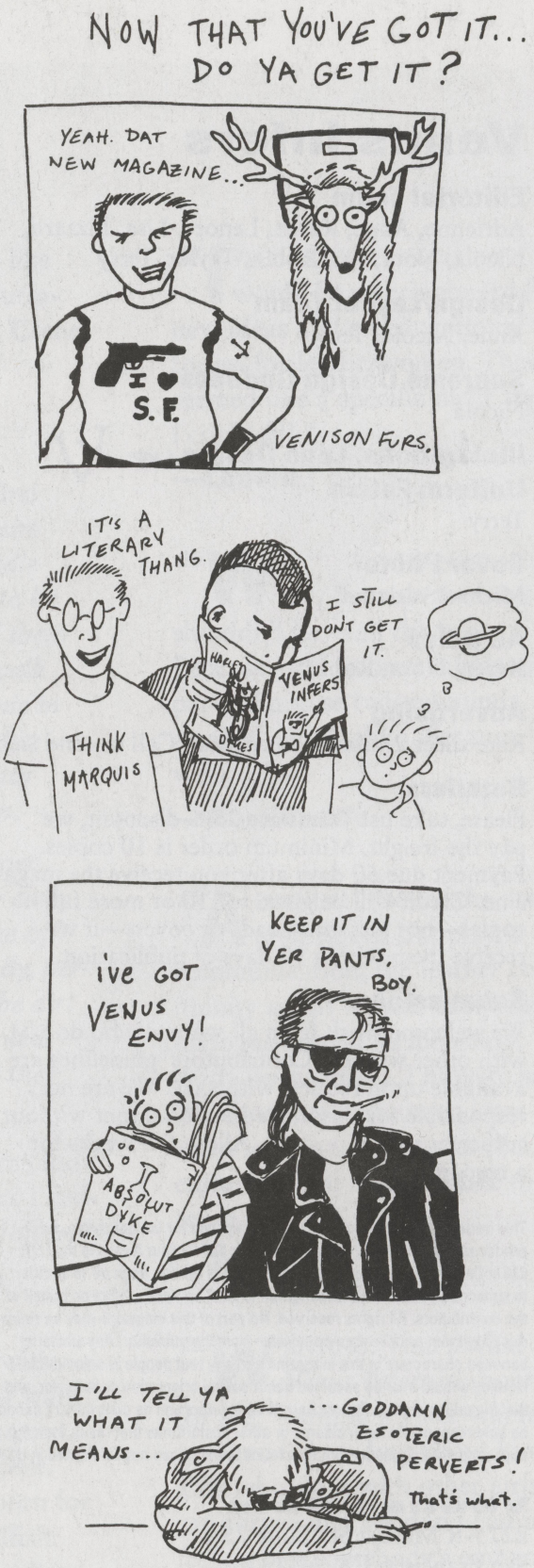

Venus Infers

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Retailers:
Please, take us! Terms are 25% discount, we pay the freight. Minimum order is 10 copies. Payment due 60 days after you receive the magazine. Credit will be given for 10 or more full copies—not just mastheads or covers—if we receive them within 90 days of publication.

Submissions
We welcome work from all women who do S/M with other women. Contributors' guidelines are available upon request with SASE. We are not responsible for unsolicited material sent without sufficient return postage. Allow 6-8 weeks for a response.

This issue of *Venus Infers*, a quarterly magazine for leather dykes, was produced Summer 1993. Subscriptions are $30 for four issues in the U.S., $38 in Canada, and $45 overseas. Single issue $8. You must be 18 or older to subscribe.

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Bitches Rule!

Old Dyke's Joke #137: What's the difference between a bitch and a slut? A slut will sleep with anyone; a bitch will sleep with anyone except you.

WE HOPE THIS SPACE will be full of letters from you, our readers, in Vol. 1, No. 2. If you have a bitch or a purr, we want to hear from you. Since this is our first issue, the women who produced this magazine want to talk about why they are doing all this glamorous drudgery.

■

"WORKING ON THIS PROJECT with other women is one of the most exciting things I have ever done in my life. I want to let everybody out there know we're here."

—Adrianne

"I WANT *VENUS INFERS* TO succeed because there should be a place where women can be as hot, wet, nasty, pure, young, old, cruel, tender, angry, loving, inspired, foolish, scared and brave as we are, individually and collectively—at least in these pages, all 48 of 'em—and apologize to *no one.*"

—Lisa Bailes

"I ENJOY READING the pansexual publications like *Frighten the Horses, Slippery When Wet,* and *Taste of Latex,* but I think we need more magazines that are specifically for lesbians. A lot of the sexual politics that these magazines reflect came out of the sex-radical dyke community. We need our own place to continue to explore those issues. *On Our Backs, Bad Attitude,* and *Brat Attack* each have a different style and meet the needs of their audiences really well, but I think there's still room for *Venus Infers.*

I probably want more than one magazine can deliver. But I hope this publication will provide a forum for all the diverse points of view in our far-flung tribe of leather women who love and play with each other. I believe we have the strength, curiosity, and compassion to air our differences without being torn apart. Our community is old enough now to have some generational splits, and I'm pretty tired of seeing the same twenty people do all the workshops and write all the articles. New voices and new eyes are welcome here.

Although I want the magazine to be pretty to look at and erotic to read, I also want it to inform our community about political issues. New laws are being passed and old laws being enforced which have a negative impact on us. If we are going to defend ourselves, we need to know when we are being attacked. It's also important to have a place where we can acknowledge our victories and the people who create havens for S/M dykes.

The written word goes places where the writer can't follow. It titillates, subverts, provokes, and invites. If this magazine has made your heart leap or your cunt throb, you can follow it back to the source.

There are a lot of women like you—brave, intelligent, outrageous, honest, and *kinky*. Come find us."

—Pat Califia

"SOME, WHEN THEY *first see their heart's desire glinting in the distance, sidle away, checking carefully to be sure no one has observed them looking so far afield, or walk briskly, with a hint of panic in their movement, in the other direction, back to the safety of the fold and the known.*

Others, more brave or more foolhardy, throw up their curly tails behind them and take off at a gallop, oinking happily, perhaps stopping to roll in the dirt or to greet old friends or new ones, but always keeping the goal in sight.

It is to this tribe of oinkers (and we know who we are) that I dedicate my work on *Venus Infers*."

—Nicola Ginzler

"BECAUSE I'M BORED with what's out there—I want some decent 'reading' material. Actually, something *in*decent. A regular supply of S/M porn for and by women. Purely selfish. And of course it helps that I'm a masochist."

—Karen Kircher

"I FELT LIKE the magazine would be a springboard for new ideas and an educational forum for leatherwomen. That seemed like a specific niche that I could fill."

—Lenore

"WHY THIS WHY NOW why me. Because the boys shouldn't have all the fun. Because I get to meet fabulous pervs. Because twisted minds don't all think alike. Because we are."

—Nora Parkin

"ALTHOUGH ONE of the main premises of S/M play is communication, the leather community seems to lack adequate dialogue among its members. With *Venus Infers*, I hope to satisfy those leatherwomen interested in the many aspects of S/M culture. Or, at least, I'd like to score a date."

—Terry Sapp

"WANTING. That's what *Venus Infers* is about for me. Wanting a place where one-handed reading about kinky girls who do it with other girls can thrive, and we don't end up feeling like somebody's embarrassed by us. Wanting a forum

continued on page 47

Who Is My Sister?

Powersurge and the Limits of Our Community

by Pat Califia

THE POWERSURGE CONFERENCE held in 1992 was important and empowering for leather dykes. The Outer Limits in Seattle may be the only leather women's group that could have pulled off such a smooth, professional, entertaining, informative, and unique event. The amount of love and energy that went into it was very moving. I was devastated to hear that Powersurge won't be happening this year because it made our community bigger and stronger.

It also pointed out how many different ideas we have about exactly who belongs in that community and who doesn't. I think we need to discuss these issues even if Powersurge is going to be postponed until 1994. Last year's conference program stated:

> Powersurge is a conference open to lesbians. The idea of an all-lesbian conference grew out of a need for leather dykes to congregate and discuss the changing directions of our various communities.
>
> The history of leather conferences and gatherings has been mixed, and while we support and understand the need for unity and diversity, we also feel that we as leather dykes have not even discussed our participation in, or the political basis of

that unity. As leather dykes we have had very little opportunity on a national or international scale to dialogue. We intend for this conference to facilitate that dialogue and to also increase our networking capabilities.

We are creating a lesbian only space because we feel that dykes talk/act/and think differently in an exclusively lesbian environment. We also refuse to be the gender police and ask the conference participants to please respect our policy.

For the purposes of this conference, a lesbian is a WOMAN who considers herself to be a lesbian. Because gender lines are bending and fading in these changing times we also have a further clarification for attendance at the Amazon Feast and the Dungeons: If you cannot slam your dick in a drawer and walk away, then the Amazon Feast and the Dungeon parties are not available to you.

Given this policy, I was surprised to learn that a workshop facilitated by female-to-male transsexuals (FTMs) would be held at Powersurge. And I was relieved to hear that there would be no "gender police" ready to throw bisexuals or people of ambiguous gender out of the conference, à la the Michigan Women's Music Festival. I hoped that this year, there would be a greater tolerance for diversity. I thought transgendered and bisexual women might be welcome at Powersurge 2. Instead, the Outer Limits adopted an even more narrowly-defined admission policy.

> POWERSURGE is open to and welcomes women born women leatherdykes (chromosomal [XX] females only). If you can't slam your dick in a drawer and walk away, this conference is not open to you. Just a reminder that leatherdykes come in various forms. You may see butches with shaved legs or femmes with facial hair. Please keep an open mind.

This seems based on gender essentialism—the philosophy that you are born with one biological sex; there are never any ambiguities about whether you are male or female; and you cannot shift from one side of that line to the other. Medical research on human genetics (for example, John Money's classic, *Man Woman Boy Girl*) would seem to indicate that this is false. It's been estimated that 10% of babies are born with anomalous external genitals. That does not include the people who are born with hormonal or genetic differences that make them hidden hermaphrodites. Doctors decide whether these babies will be perceived as and raised as little girls or little boys. Sometimes they surgically alter the child. Our society literally does not permit gender-ambiguous people to exist.

Our society literally does not permit gender-ambiguous people to exist.

I am sure many FTMs were relieved by the decision that they were welcome at Powersurge, even if male-to-female transsexuals (MTFs) were not. But are they aware that the Outer Limits' policy implies that they can never make a transition to their gender of preference? Are they willing to pay this price and ignore MTF transsexuals just to keep a marginal role in the leather dyke community?

I had to struggle to create an identity for myself as a dyke and a sadist who enjoys playing with gender. I was often told that the kind of person I wanted to be simply did not exist. I had to learn to look past the lies that society told me about queers, that lesbian-feminists told me about S/M, that sadomasochists told me about people who were "too far out on the fringe." Along the way, I made a grim decision that I would never willingly contribute to the grief or pain of anyone who was making a similar journey. I learned that if they could lie about queers and S/M people, they could lie about every other sexual minority too. Being a lesbian sadomasochist did not make me an expert on other people's lives. I had to debunk my own prejudicial beliefs about transsexuals, bisexuals, sex workers, and a bunch of other folks who have transgressive sexual identities and get treated badly for being perverts. My network has become larger and stronger, and my sense of the world has gotten richer and more compassionate because I had friends and lovers who were not S/M dykes.

I came to believe that people had certain inalienable sexual rights. Among those is the right to choose your own gender. This is as important to me as the right to reproductive freedom or the decriminalization of sodomy. The state, the med-

ical establishment, my family, and my community have absolutely no right to tell me how I should feel about the body I was born with, whether or not I can change it to be more comfortable with it, or whether I want to be called "her," "him," or both/neither.

The FTM presence at Powersurge last year made me uncomfortable. A lot of this is my personal garbage. I am afraid that the visibility of FTMs will change the definition of what's butch until women will feel they have to take male hormones to make them masculine enough to be butch. I am afraid other people will judge my own strategies for dealing with gender dysphoria. I don't care about passing as male on the street, and I have no interest in changing my body with surgery or hormones. But I do have a lot of erotic fantasies about being male, and I have put a lot of energy into being able to project a male image in bed when I want to act out those fantasies. I also have an extensive wardrobe of lingerie and high heels. People have told me this makes me a cross-dresser, butch, transsexual, confused, femme, heterosexual, a fag, and anti-feminist. I think I'm just a big old pervert, and I feel lucky to have arrived at solutions that work for me. But the leather dyke community is very competitive. Labels are important to us, and we stigmatize women who don't meet our expectations of the roles we have assigned them. I am afraid of not qualifying, not counting, being second-rate.

The lesbian community is being blamed for some of the stress and ambiguity that is an inevitable part of sex reassignment.

Being uncomfortable is not necessarily a bad thing. Any time I try to absorb some new information, I have to tolerate a period of ambivalence and ambiguity. The first time I watched someone get flogged, it made me nauseous. But when I separate my own insecurities and prejudices out from this uneasy ball of dread in my stomach, I find there is something left which is the responsibility of former leather dykes who are now FTMs.

I would never advocate excluding FTMs from Powersurge. But I do think that at some point, it becomes appropriate for an FTM to stop attending women-only events. If someone is taking male hormones, letting their facial hair grow, and has taken a male name, changed their legal documents to say they are male, and expects to be addressed by a male name and male pronouns, I can't really visualize that person as being a lesbian. However, the time when people in gender transition leave our community should *always* be a matter of their choice, *not* a matter of being excommunicated by the lesbian community. It isn't easy being a man with a lesbian history, and I sympathize with those difficulties. I am willing to be friends with FTMs at all points in their gender change and socialize with them at mixed parties.

The lesbian community is being blamed for some of the stress and ambiguity that is an inevitable part of sex reassignment. It is not realistic to expect lesbians to treat an FTM as if nothing major about that person had changed. I am really tired of being put in a double bind, where I am sometimes expected to treat FTMs as lesbians and sometimes expected to treat them as men. How am I supposed to feel when an FTM friend complains about being greeted by dykes when he is trying to pass at a men's leather bar, since this "blows his cover"?

Why is the lesbian community solely responsible for giving FTMs a refuge? Many FTMs claim they would prefer to occupy the gay men's leather community. So why aren't leathermen being confronted with this issue? Why aren't the gay boys being told they have to get over their bigotry about transsexuality and welcome gay-identified

FTMs as brothers? Is it because gay men are even more rigid about gender than dykes? If so, I want FTMs to stop bitching about how awful the lesbian community has been to them.

At the FTM workshop at last year's Powersurge, I was shocked by the number of women who said they didn't think of themselves as lesbians and in fact disliked or even hated lesbians. Some of this is gender dysphoria, but some of it is internalized homophobia and misogyny. I don't want to mush all this stuff together and avoid analyzing it by labeling it "sex reassignment" or "personal choice." We rarely talk about the fact that some of us enter the dyke community because we have been made to feel like failures as women. We have been told again and again that women are weak, inferior, and stupid, and being a woman is sexually degrading. This is the baggage of a woman-hating, male-dominated society. You can't fix it by taking testosterone or getting a hysterectomy.

Some of the FTMs who spoke chose to soft-pedal their current gender identity and label themselves as being "in between" or "experimenting" with a male image when in fact they are living and working as men full-time and intend to get as much surgery as they can afford. This is hard to say because many of these folks are my friends, but I felt I was being told some lies.

It was weird for me to sit in a room full of dykes and watch them listen respectfully while FTMs talked about wanting to cut off their tits. But when the handful of MTFs who had come to the workshop dared to speak out, the hostility toward them was palpable. FTMs take male hormones so they can look as masculine as possible. They wear penile prostheses in their pants and cross-dress. Most of them would have surgery to give themselves penises if they could afford it and if the surgery could create a fully-functional male sex organ. Why do these folks qualify as "leather dykes" when MTFs don't? MTFs take female hormones, love their tits, often undergo painful surgery to create female genitals, and live full-time as females and as dykes. It made absolutely no sense to me that FTMs were welcome at Powersurge when MTFs were not.

The autobiographies of MTFs are different from mine, but I still want to hear their stories. I do not believe they are simply "men dressed up like women," as I heard someone contemptuously label them at last year's event. If someone has always felt intense discomfort with their body and is unable to meet others' expectations of "gender-appropriate" behavior, to what extent was that person ever a "real man" or a "real woman"? I think MTF dykes have earned the right to be part of my community. Not every MTF is my close personal friend or somebody I'd want to sleep with, but they certainly are not the enemy.

I suspect that the Outer Limits made an exception for FTMs because many of the lesbians in that

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Butch Baiting

by April Miller

I LOVE TO MAKE you sweat.

We don't see each other often, but when we do I make sure to lay my hand on your arm, just so. My touch is soft and light. Just firm enough to feel your muscles clench. I watch your hands ball up into fists.

Poor baby, you're fighting it.

I lean in close enough for you to catch my scent, feel my heat. I brush against you with my breasts. 'Accidentally' graze your back with my nipples. I like it. I like the feel of you. I like it when you flinch, and start to tremble.

Poor butch. Poor big tough butch. I know you're getting wet, getting hard. Sitting trapped between two femmes, between your girlfriend and the feel of my tits, you're trying to play it cool.

Cold. Hard. Stone. Butch.

"Dance with me." I watch the sweat break out on your forehead. Watch you wait for your girlfriend's nod of permission.

Don't fool yourself girl, she knows.

I grasp your hand. You respond to my pull, follow me to the dance floor. I know you are watching the sway of my hips. Feeling the tap of my heels on your clit.

We move into a field of gyrating bodies, the illusion of privacy. I slide my hand up your chest, over your shoulders, drape my hands around the back of your neck and then—while I stare into your eyes as my fingertips glide through the buzz-cut hair at the nape of your neck—you finally reach out with your large, capable hands and hold me. Press me to you, belly, breasts, thighs.

I watch your face as I toy with the buttons on your jeans.

You're giving in.

I slide a little sideways and press my leg into your pussy, feel the damp heat of you there. Feel the stiffness and hunger of the erection you never wear in public. I stroke my fingers along the bulge on your thigh, cup you in my hand and listen to you gasp for breath. I feel your hips push insistently against mine.

I know what we want.

I watch your face as I toy with the buttons on your jeans. I kiss you once and when I feel you push your tongue past my closed lips I grab hold, suck it deep into my mouth. I torment it with my lips and teeth, work it like it's your cock I'm devouring.

When you break the kiss I unbutton your fly. Reach in and free your manhood, your hunger. I drop to my knees and rub your erection with my face, stroke it with my nose and hair. I take your balls behind my teeth. Suck on them, twirl my tongue around them and then let go. Glide my tongue up and down the length of your shaft, around and over the tip. I flick my tongue lightly at the indentation there until you press between my parted lips, through my mouth. Until you pound yourself deep into my throat.

I want you to grab my hair and fuck my face until you're screaming with pleasure. 'Till I am so hot and wet and open that when you slide out of my mouth and push me onto my back on the floor, when you slowly pull my miniskirt up to my hips and discover my bare pussy framed by black garters and stockings, when you finally spread my legs and settle your stocky, muscular body between them, when you *finally* enter me with one hard practiced thrust of your pelvis, I can take it.

I want to take you. Take your cock and squeeze it with my pussy. Moan and sigh when you bite my neck and pinch my nipples. Gouge your back with my nails and beg you to fuck me until you lose all control and thrust us to an orgasm in which we shatter into tiny pieces and lie trembling on the floor.

Until the song ends.

I unhook my fingers from your hair. You drop your gaze and step back to remove your thigh from my cunt, my cunt from your thigh. We pretend not to notice the girl-slime on your pants. Your erect nipples, shortness of breath.

It's true, I dance sleazy with everyone.

But as I watch you walk back and sit down next to your girlfriend I know that you're going to have sex with her tonight. She'll put on frilly underwear and spread her legs for her big man.

And inside you'll be calling my name.

Taylor and Her Daddy Sita

Photographs by MichaelAdrianne

A Daddy in a skirt.

A boy on the floor.

What more could you want?

Always

by Nicola Ginzler

AND THE FIGHTS about playing at parties and how she can't relax or concentrate there and it's too loud and busy and impersonal.

I give in every time, it's no use trying to force her, and that's not what I want anyway, an unwilling partner.

So I go alone and talk with friends and watch, or maybe cut one of the male submissives from the herd and make him take a beating without restraints, because *she* can.

And it's her I want even as I'm hearing a man's voice count the blows, That's eleven Mistress, Thank you Mistress, and all of them seem to know without my telling them that I will not touch their bare skin unless my hand is gloved.

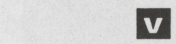
Realizing too that my arm is stronger now than when she and I first met, that when I hit her close to full force it's already at the limits of her endurance, not wanting to admit that a few of the men can take more than she can.

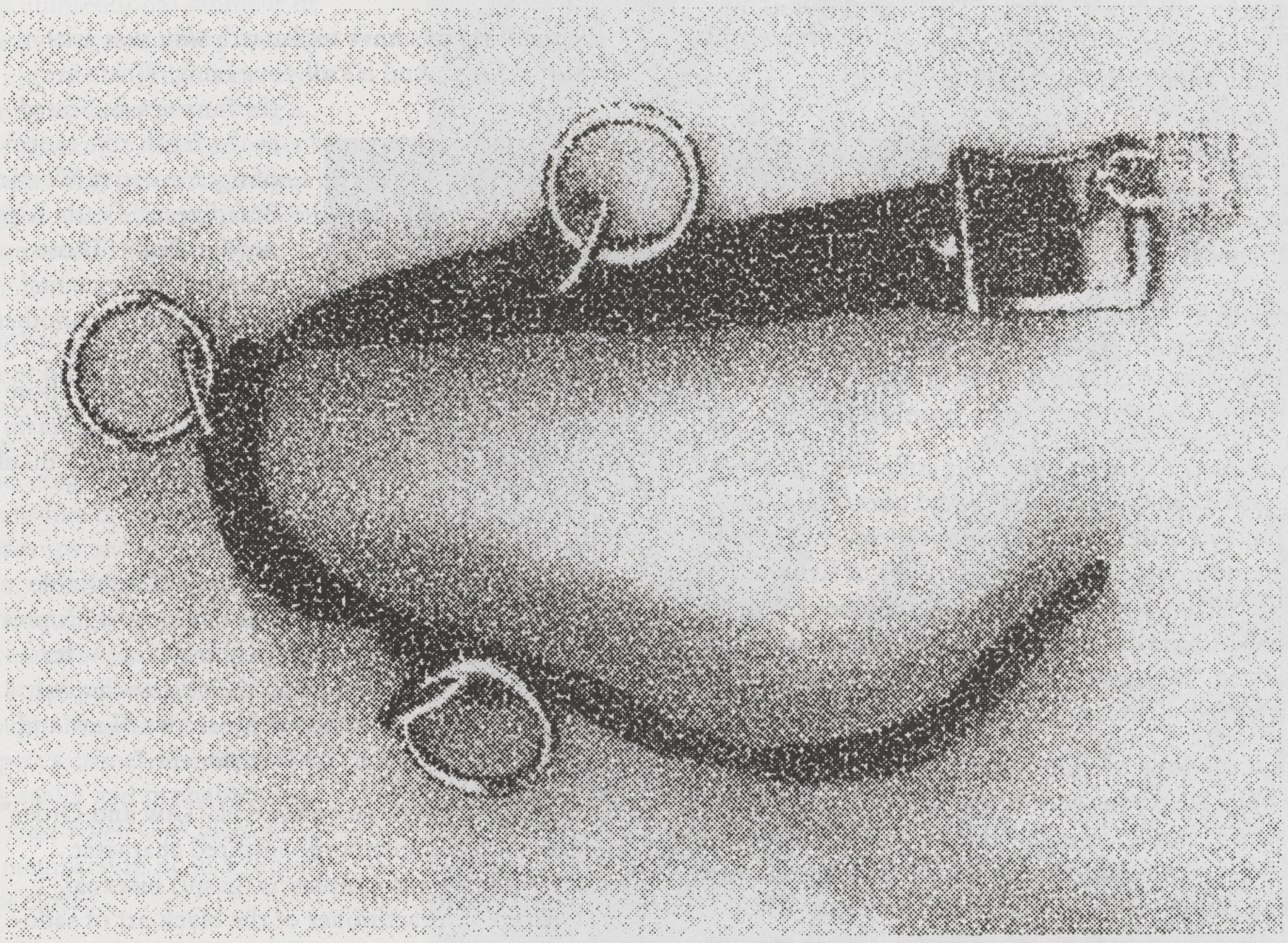
■

My head hurts and I'm staring at her dry-eyed, wondering what else there is to say. Someone in the next apartment is playing classical piano, the notes skid and ripple and arpeggio, stealing my attention, it's too loud for this late at night.

I remember the first time I put a collar on her, when it was time to take it off there were tears in her eyes just like there are now. I raised her face to meet mine and touched my lips gently to her throat, above the collarbone and at the back of the neck and on the sides below her earlobes, then filled in all the places I'd missed.

There, I said, now you're still wearing my collar, now you'll always be wearing it.





Scratch 'n' Sniff:
The Column with a Critical Bent

by Lisa Bailes

Fanatazines

REMEMBER FANZINES? They came before 'zines. A fanzine fixates upon a single subject, usually a celebrity or a TV show. They are the work of the obsessed. Long before the advent of desktop publishing or quality photocopying, cult passions such as Betty Page, "Laugh-In" and "The Prisoner" were documented in grainy mimeographed pages.

The PVC! Those lips! That whip!

Good news: fanzines aren't just for Trekkies and the Bay City Rollers Fan Club. A couple of dyke fans have elevated their icons into the fanzine pantheon.

I ♥ Amy Carter is a peculiar collection of misspelled reflections and xeroxed photos featuring Jimmy's little girl (not queer, it seems, but loved all the same). The tabloid exploits of Kristy McNichol, Sandra Bernhardt and other celebrity lesbians are included for no apparent reason. Weird, but oddly sweet, and at two dollars, it's hard to feel ripped off.

For the John Hinkley in us all, *My Jodie Book (Love Sick)* gives any breathing lesbian inspiration for a grand and foolish gesture. Truly a labor of love, this encyclopedic and beautifully assembled scrapbook certainly fanned my ardor for Ms. Foster, an elusive object of desire if there ever was one. The anonymous author devotes a significant number of pages to the *Taxi Driver*-inspired assassination attempts on Reagan, with Hinkley's diary excerpts and courtroom testimony. It started to get a little... creepy. But then I realized the collage of clippings, many superimposed with Barbara Kruger-style phrases, was self-aware and ironic, a meditation on fanaticism itself. How thin is the line between "normal" fascination and monomania? Why does desire for a celluloid image sometimes feel more powerful than an attraction for the woman across the room? Heavy thoughts for a stack of xeroxes. But get *My Jodie Book* for the fabu pictures anyway. Pant, pant.

What does this have to do with S/M, you ask? Not a thing! And it's all your fault. Where are the fanzines dedicated to the fetish role model of my formative Wonder Bread years, Diana Rigg as Mrs. Peel? (Those boots! Those catsuits! The karate!) Or another positive role model for today's young women, Michelle Pfeiffer as Catwoman? (The PVC! Those lips! That whip!) Get out your scissors and warm up the xerox—tomorrow's leatherdykes will thank you.

Heroes of Hypocrisy

Apparently, network censors deem S/M suitable and profitable for prime time—as long as it's presented as the recreation of psychopaths. At least one successful TV producer seems preoccupied with S/M as a plot device in his shows "Law and Order" and "Crime and Punishment."

Two seasons ago, an episode of "Law and Order" featured a Mapplethorpe-inspired character. Kinky male photographer is (gasp!) bisexual, (horrors!) a practitioner of the black art of sado-masochism, and (yawn) dead. One cop has a moral dilemma—why investigate the death of a pervert? "These freaks aren't going to the same place [at death, i.e., heaven?] you and I are going," he grouses to his partner. Eventually, the investigation implicates the city art commissioner, a closet masochist/submissive. "He was a role model. He had an obligation not to get involved in this stuff." Suspicion also focuses on a wealthy art patron, portrayed as an ice-queen dominatrix, oozing evil. She is ultimately found responsible

for causing the photographer's death during a scene. Those tops just *kill* me.

One unintentional moment of hilarity comes midway through the episode. A judge frets about issuing an order permitting a wiretap on the commissioner's phone: "Anyone going to put my ass in a sling about this?" Only if you ask very nicely, your honor.

Another "Law and Order" took aim at physicians who sexually abuse their patients, a deserving target. The perpetrator, a male gynecologist, administered a curare-like drug to the women in stirrups and then raped their paralyzed, unresisting bodies. This outrage was depicted with meticulous relish, but it seems the script still wasn't salacious enough. Despite evidence of the suspect's crimes, the cops knew they really had probable cause to arrest when they discovered his membership in an S/M club. Case closed.

Finally, the criminals in a "Crime and Punishment" episode used S/M as a red leather herring. In a spin on the Amy Fisher story (do the air waves need more of that pathetic tale?), a nymphet hooker and her older male lover decide to murder his wife, who is the nymphet's madam.

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Dyke Daddy II Skeeter and Her Boy Jaime

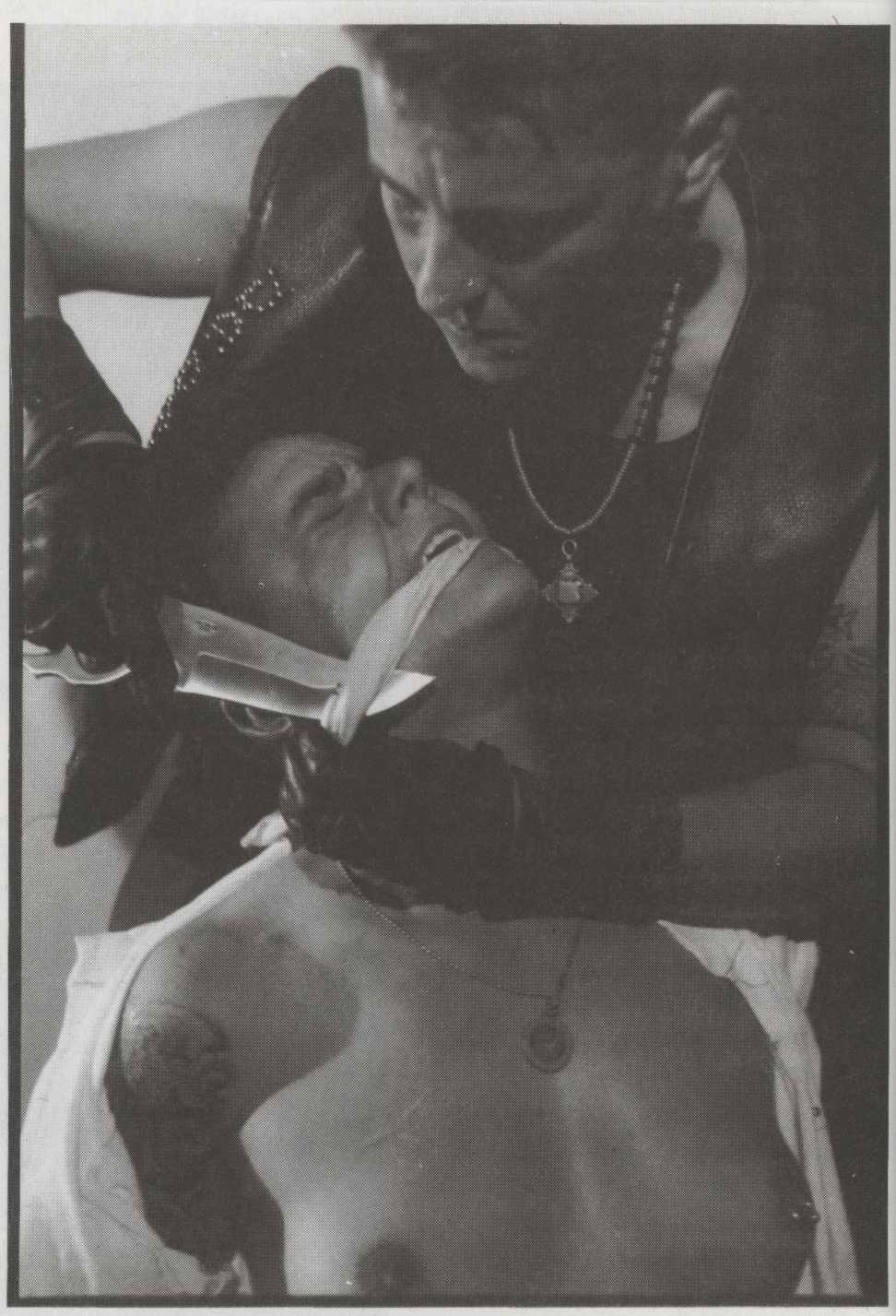
Interview by Nora Parkin

Nora: Who are your role models?

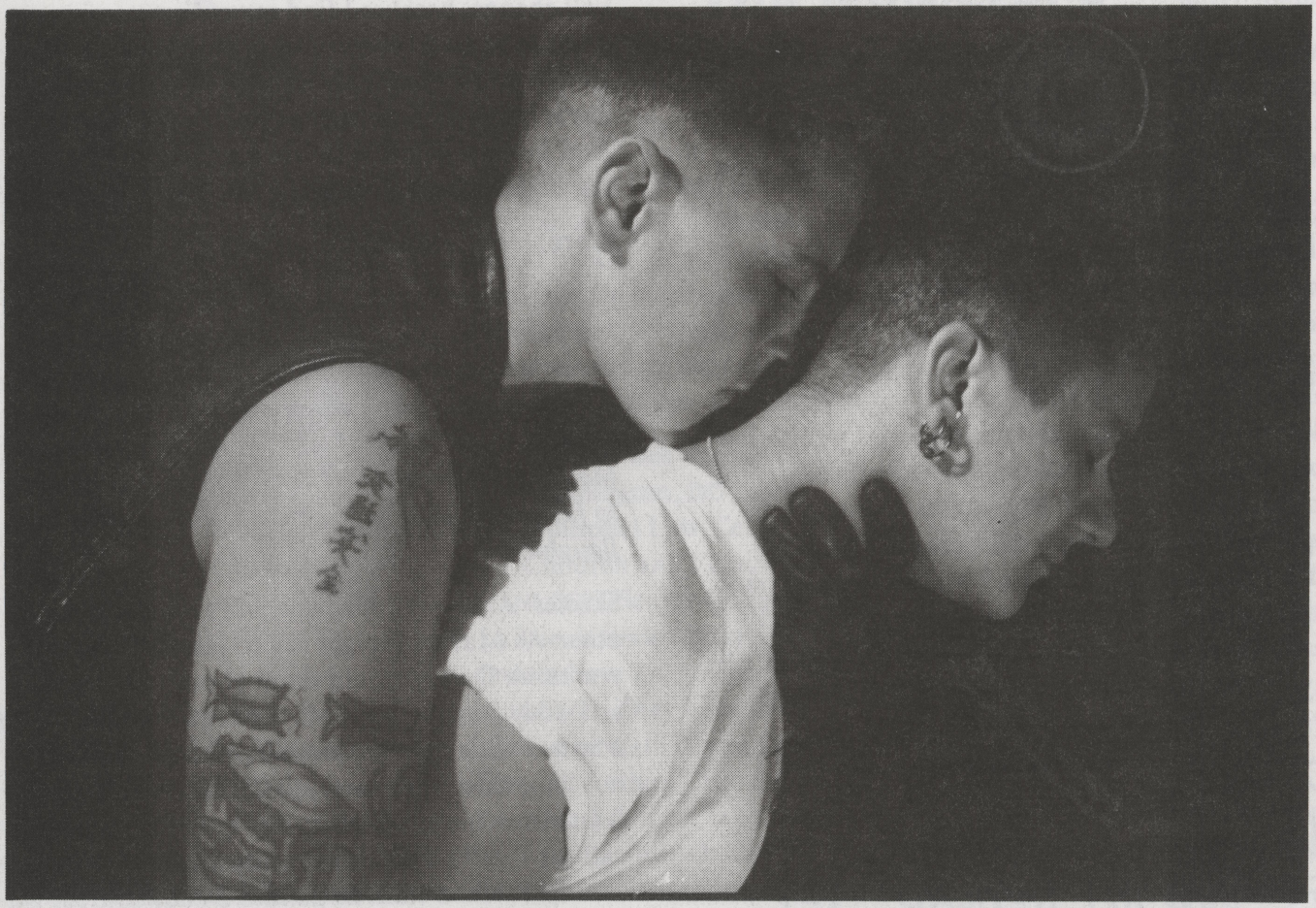
Skeeter: I don't know if I have any direct daddy role models. There's a lot of women that I've known that've been very strong, sort of heroes, but... Daddy's a personal thing for me.

Nora: Why don't you tell me a little bit about your background?

Skeeter: Well, I'm from England, and I've been a dyke since I was 14. I've been doing S/M... it's hard to say, for about 5 or 6 years, but in terms of my sexual practices, and the things that turn me on, since probably about 18. I got into S/M and leather because I was told that what I was doing in bed was kind of rough... people told me I was male in bed and I never knew what that meant 'cause I never slept with men, so I just suddenly started looking for women that maybe wanted to be a bit rougher in bed, so it developed from there, really. And coming to San Francisco, where there is a very definitely defined leather-S/M community, you're able to put your finger on something and say, oh, yeah, that's what I'm into.



Nora: Part of what I'm interested in is how daddy-boy relationships work, and how, sometimes, they don't work! So, did your relationship start out that way, or was this something that...



photos by Erika

Jaime: Initially it started out master-slave, and very quickly turned into daddy-boy. The relationship started very severe. And there wasn't a lot of... there was nurturing, but there wasn't daddy-nurturing.

Nora: What is that like for you? How do you distinguish?

Jaime: It allows for more personal emotion on the boy's side, rather than the slave side. As the relationship progressed, that happened naturally, that there was more willingness in me to want to share myself, and more for her to want to learn about it.

Skeeter: I'm always Jaime's daddy, but there may be scenes that we're in, or certain days, or certain moods where Daddy isn't appropriate. Daddy for me is a person who protects, who cares for, nurtures, allows Jaime to be young, who will undress him, put him to bed, you know [Jaime acts embarrassed, but pleased]—it's very much how I see it, in a perfect world, how a daddy would be: someone who's there for you, someone to defend you, someone who protects you and who cares for you, and you know that they love you, even when they may be punishing you, whereas Master is very much stricter.

Nora: Have you ever been Daddy to anyone else?

Skeeter: Not formally. I've been in that sort of role, but Jaime was the first person in my life that I really wanted to give that to. It's a big responsibility and a commitment when you have a boy or girl. You make a commitment and then you have a responsibility and I've never wanted that with anyone else.

Nora: Jaime, have you ever had a daddy before?

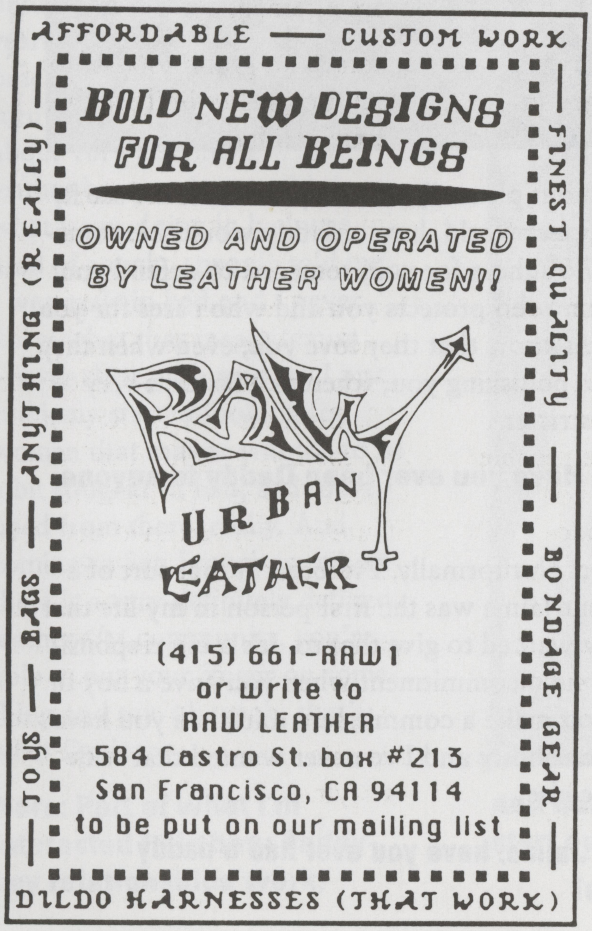
Jaime: Nope.

Nora: Would you talk some more about the master side of you being stricter, more cruel, somehow less emotional? How would you relate being a daddy to, say, your sadist side or your dominant side?

Skeeter: I have both in me. I am a sadist. Daddy can be cruel, Daddy can be very cruel, Daddy can be...

Jaime: Daddy is soothing.

Skeeter: If Jaime does something bad, I punish her for that as Daddy, but I wouldn't specifically want do it just to please me. My sadistic, Master side [is] like, I'm going to do this because I want to do this, I want to hurt you. You know, we've had times when we've been in a room together, and Daddy's talking to Jaime, and suddenly Daddy will say, "OK, your Master's coming!" The persona will change, because I find my sadism coming up, and I need to do something, and it's not Daddy's role to do it. That may sound kind of theatrical, but it happens very naturally and very smoothly. And Jaime will know that if it's Master she's talking to, her behavior is going to have to change.



Nora: How would it change?

Jaime: I would probably be talking less. Boy has permission to speak without being spoken to, as long as it's respectfully, and Slave does not. Answering is a whole different story. Daddy is referred to as "Daddy" or "Daddy, Sir," whereas Master is referred to as "Sir." You're more likely to fuck up talking to Master, so you say a lot less! [laughter]

Skeeter: And you know, one will talk about the other. As Master, I might say to Jaime, "What do you think Daddy would think about this?" and as Daddy I might say, "Maybe we should tell Master." One gets to talk about the other. It's not like when one's there, the other doesn't exist. Sometimes Jaime will ask me a question, and she'll call me Daddy, and I know then that she needs Daddy. I would want to go into Daddy role for her then, even though I may not necessarily feel like Daddy that particular day. So the fact that we're in a relationship where we know each other pretty well, means that we can judge each other's moods and so go with that. I think that's a problem with someone you don't know very well.

Nora: What's your favorite game as Daddy?

Skeeter: I think my favorite game as Daddy is to tease Boy, like: "Have you been good?" and "Do you deserve to be spanked?" It's humorous and loving. I like playfulness. There was this situation when we were with a huge group of women, and there were boys and daddies and girls and daddies, and the daddies were all sitting on one side and all the boys and girls were sitting down the other side, and they were saying "I love my daddy because" and then some really nice attribute, like "I love my daddy because my daddy's wonderful" and

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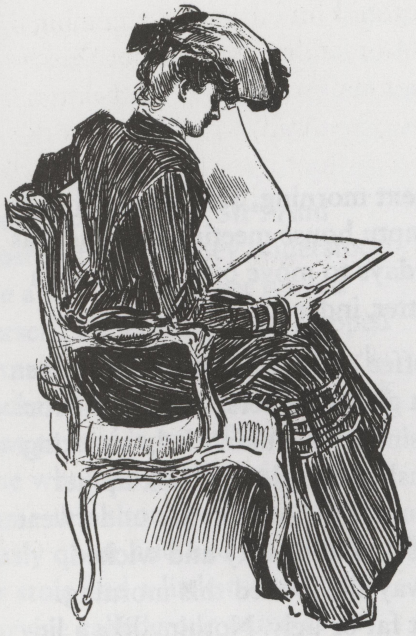

Yorkshire, England: Police have arrested 34 gay men at what was to be a private S/M play party. All of the men were taken into custody, some were held overnight, and some were released on bail. However, police will have trouble charging them with any crime, since everyone was still socializing, and no sexual activity had taken place. With the help of Countdown on Spanner, an organization formed in 1992 to defend a group of leathermen who had been jailed for consenting S/M activities, the latest group of defendants have picked one firm of attorneys to represent them all.

Lancaster, CA: When this city considered an ordinance banning the sale of sexual devices, a major manufacturer of sex toys, Doc Johnson Enterprises, threatened to take them to court for violating the right to privacy. The ordinance would have made it illegal to sell "sexually deviant" molded phalluses or anything "marketed primarily for sexual stimulation or for sado-masochistic use or abuse."

The law was drafted by the Washington, DC-based National Law Center for Children and Families (NLCCF). Senior Counsel Janet LaRue defended it, saying, "these devices have no constitutional protection. They have been banned by state law in Georgia, Texas and Ohio." She did not mention that these laws have been successfully challenged in Kansas and Colorado.

When Ingrid and Greg Poulin, owners of the Fun Zone, a local sex shop, got more than 7,000 signatures on a petition for a referendum on the ordinance, the city council voted to have the city attorney amend the ordinance. The new wording forbade the sale of "any device ... designed or marketed primarily for sado-masochistic use or abuse of themselves or others." The list of proscribed items included muzzles, whips, chains, restraints, racks, "non-medical" enema kits, and body piercing implements.

The NLCCF was able to persuade nearby Palmdale to enact the law. And a similar ordinance was proposed just three months later in neighboring Oxnard, with vibrators and dildos back on the list of illicit items. Assistant City Attorney Paula Kimbrell strongly recommended against adopting the ordinance, since it would leave the city vulnerable to a lawsuit. City Attorney Gary Gillig noted that his legal department had already spent $20,000 in staff time on the proposed law. The sex-toy provision was eventually dropped in its entirety, while new zoning laws were retained.

There are a grand total of four adult businesses in these three municipalities.

USA: Customs seized *Rapture*, a film by Sara Whiteley, when it was returned by a European film festival. The film depicts ball dancing. After Mike Fleming, regional public affairs officer for U.S. Customs' Pacific Region, and the Los Angeles district office received a petition from Whiteley, they screened the film and decided it wasn't obscene after all. But Fleming refused to apologize for the action. "I'm not going to criticize the officer who seized [it] ... It's not a police state situtation," he was quoted as saying.

V

That Boy

by Robin Sweeney

MAYBE IT REALLY COULDN'T WORK with another butch, Sam wondered.

Down the hall, Jo was taking a shower. That boy had to work on Saturdays, but since Sam didn't, she wasn't getting up yet. Nine-to-five trapped in the admissions office at San Francisco College didn't have many perks, but a steady paycheck and her weekends free were enough for Sam at this point. Besides, she and Jo weren't seriously seeing each other—they weren't girlfriends or anything like that, as Jo had reminded her on more than one occasion—so she didn't feel compelled to get out of the mess they had made of her futon and make Jo breakfast or take a shower with her. She might go start some coffee, though.

Pulling on the first pair of boxer shorts she found, Sam stepped over the gear that was still scattered on the floor from last night and went into the kitchen. Her roommate Jeff was spending the weekend with his latest daddy, and Sam had the flat to herself. It was quieter at home when Jeff was being a boy, but much more interesting when he was topping and brought his tricks home. Living with a leather faggot was certainly different—he left the toilet seat up but didn't freak out at the noises coming from her bedroom—and so far it was working out much better than her last place, a group flat.

Communal living is always difficult, especially for a pervert, but at first it seemed like it was going to be okay. The vegetarian girls she was sharing an apartment with had been touchy about her leather jacket, but had totally lost it one night when Jo started screaming. Sam wasn't sure if it was just the yelling or the sounds of an ass being smacked. It might have been the fact that her boychick was begging, and quite possibly "your big dick, please, sir!" screamed at full volume pushed them over the edge. It didn't matter what set them off, really.

At breakfast the next morning, Sam was told at a very chilly impromptu house meeting that she was being given thirty days to move out. Things with Jeff were much better, indeed.

Sam started the coffee and sat down at the kitchen table. She caught a glance of herself in the mirror that was over the sink and couldn't help smirking at herself as she pushed her glasses back up her nose. Running around the house in her underwear always made her feel kind of sexy and wicked, and she liked the way she looked this morning. Cute and solid, not fat or ugly. Nothing like a little nookie to resolve all those body-image questions. Besides, one of the very nicest things Jo had ever said to her was about how much she liked big girls, and how she thought Sam was just perfect. Couldn't fight an opinion like that. Sam had a hickey on the right side of her neck that was already impressive, and her dark and shaggy flattop was suffering from serious bedhead. It was fun, having Jo around, if kind of exhausting.

Sam had decided long ago she much preferred fucking other butches. She essentially considered herself a faggot-identified dyke. Femme girls just didn't turn her on much, although she sometimes flirted with them and often admired them. She had always had a thing for other butch women, ever since her very first crush on the goalie of her soccer team in junior high school. Sam loved the way butch girls moved, and the way they looked when they were being bad-asses, smoking and showing off. Sometimes Sam thought it was partly hero worship—she usually got crushes on women who were even butcher than she was, and the first several dates were usually spent figuring out who would show her soft spots first. It was also about wrestling for control, or wrestling to give up control, with someone who was just as butch and bad as Sam was. Other butches usually understood why Sam wanted to strap on a dick and have

somebody call her 'Sir'. And most of the time they understood she also wanted to get fucked herself, sometimes, or be slapped around a little and called a cock-sucker. The tender, after-sex stuff was part of it, too. When someone who had put up with the same shit about being too obviously queer and had learned to be stoic and a little mean just to survive called your name as she came on the end of your arm, it settled something inside Sam. Made it easier to feel like there was a place on the planet for her.

There was shit to deal with, of course. Sam was tired of the fight she and Jo had been having lately about what it was they were doing, and if they could really be more than fuck buddies. As far as Sam could tell, being fuck buddies meant that Jo would never leave any of her stuff at Sam's house, causing endless arguments about who slept where and giving Jo an excuse to leave early in the morning. Sex was acceptable but breakfast was too much like a relationship, apparently. Sam had her own intimacy issues, but she was starting to get fed up with the way things were going.

Jo was kind of rebounding off her first serious S/M relationship, a heavy duty mistress/property arrangement with one of the very hot femme tops in the city,

art by Terry Sapp

and Sam probably should have expected some problems. Sam wasn't into the mistress thing herself, but even she could understand why Jo had fallen for Leslie. Leslie was a big, mean motherfucker of a femme who was strong enough to pick Jo up and toss her against the wall. This was no mean feat, particularly in high heels. Jo was five-nine, five inches taller than Sam, and almost as heavy.

The first time Sam saw Jo was at a play party. There was this sexy boy, tall, tattooed and tough looking, down on the floor on her belly howling like a dog. Leslie kept telling her to howl harder as she put little holes in Jo's naked butt with her high heels. That night Leslie had whipped the snot out of Jo, cut a star into her back, and fucked Jo until she cried.

When Sam had seen Jo come back from all this with a stupid grin to kiss Leslie's high heels, all the while saying "Thank you, Mistress, thank you," Sam had desperately wanted to get her hands on that boy. Sam thought it was pretty hopeless, since it looked like Jo was only into femmes, but she was willing to try. She was certain to say hello to Leslie toward the end of the party, and Leslie introduced her to Jo.

It was a little while after that party when Sam had heard Leslie had cut Jo loose. Apparently Jo had played with someone without Leslie's permission. When Leslie found out, she had come by Jo's house while she was out and taken back her collar. She left a note saying "No excuses, little boy." Sam thought it was a little harsh, but it definitely had style.

"Hey, Jo. You doing it with other boys now? Turning into a faggot, huh?"

Sam decided to track Jo down. It wasn't hard to do. There were only a couple of bars in the city where the leather dykes hung out. Sam assumed that Jo would either be out looking for trouble or looking to get shit-faced, or both, so she wouldn't be at any of the men's bars—there wasn't a mixed event either at the One Up or the Powerplace, and it would be uncomfortable to drink yourself past your first mistress with all the leather boys cruising around you, trying to figure why someone with tits was at their bar. It was only Tuesday, so none of the floating girl clubs were happening. That left either the Cub Den or Lucky's. Sam stopped by Lucky's first, since it was closer to her corner of the Mission. They were having one of their monthly stripper contests, so Sam moved on. Besides, Lucky's was one of those loud places where you went to dance or show off a new girlfriend or drink in celebration. It was not the proper atmosphere for getting over getting dumped.

The Cub Den had started out a men's bar just off Castro Street. In the early eighties, it was able to survive as a warm leatherette version of the heavier bars South of Market. But when all the bars and baths and backrooms started closing down, the Den, as it was called, quietly became a women's bar. It wasn't big, but it had windows that looked out onto the street, a reasonable juke box, and a pool table. And tonight it also had Jo.

When Sam walked in, Jo was leaning against the wall, watching the pool players. Sam went to the bar, got herself a drink, and walked over to her. Sam sat down at the table nearest Jo and took off her gloves. Jo grunted a hello.

"Don't be rude. Sit down and talk to me." Sam amazed herself. She wasn't usually this assertive, but she kept her face still until Jo, after a long moment, sat down. Sam thought that packing her dick had probably given her more balls than usual, in every sense of the word. She hoped that this was one of those times her glasses made her eyes look older than twenty-five and authoritative, and not owlish.

The rest of the conversation was less chilly, and they progressed from razzing the pool players and arguing about the juke box to more details about Leslie. (Sam pretended not to have known about Jo being dumped and was properly sympathetic.) Jo even got up to get Sam's next drink and presented it to Sam with reasonable grace, although Sam wasn't sure if Jo knew what she was being. Sam told Jo that she was a good boy, and she looked very flustered.

After the pool game ended, Mike and Larry came over to where they were sitting. In the real world, they were both paralegals at the same huge Financial District law firm, where they were Mary Ellen and Laura and wore stockings and pumps, not the cowboy boots and bad attitudes they had at the bar. They were roommates, and people

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Our Lady of Pain

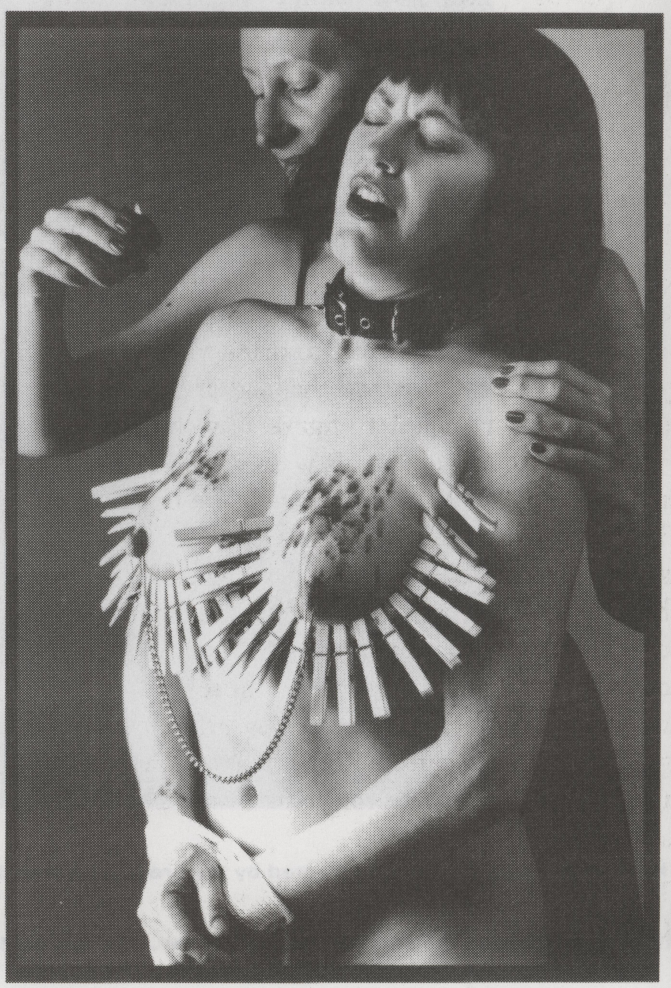
Photographs by MichaelAdrianne
Model: Sebastienne

"If sinners must suffer, she asked to be allowed to suffer ... in the place of sinners. ... [S]he voluntarily fasted and laid the scourge to her gentle flesh. She kept silence to atone for sins of the tongue. She went without food to win forgiveness for the drunken. She was cruel to her flesh because so many in the world pampered their flesh."

(taken from the Prayer of St. Theresa, the Little Flower of Jesus)

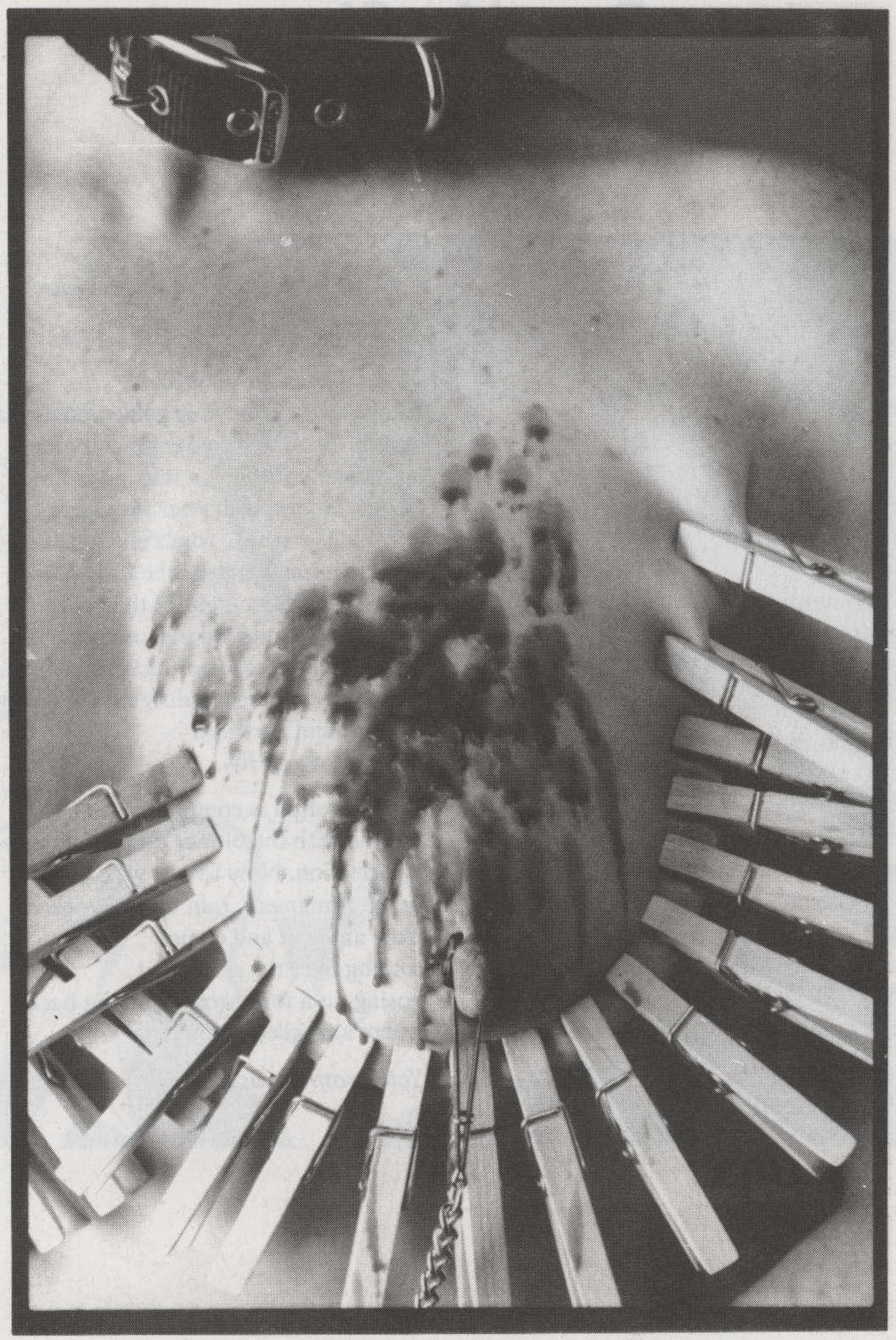
"Our prayer is bread and water and light and health; it is a reprieve and a release and freedom and a home-coming. It is the cutting of bonds, the lessening of weary waiting, the termination of exile, the sudden glorious lift that picks them up and seems almost to shoot them toward the center of their joy..."

(taken from the Prayer for the Holy Souls)



"Here in this world we are distracted by the pressure of the life about us. In purgatory there are no distractions.

Their eyes fixed on the closed gates of heaven, the holy souls ...



almost wish that the fires burned more fiercely and more rapidly so that the pain

could be at once more intense and more cleansing."

(taken from the Prayer for the Holy Souls)

Bound for Glory

by Lisa Bailes

MY VISION
clouds with tears
Raindrops are tears of angels
shed for wickedness
Clouds obscure your somber glory
in heaven, bowed over me
in tenderness, in hell
on this anvil as
you beat me into something precious
and push me into afterlife
a past life when I, dumb and dimpled
knew an angel's touch in places
secret and holy and horrid

Satan burned brightest of the angels
in the dark arches, knew
principalities, powers, virtues,
dominions and thrones,
knew the touch of God's spear
yet transcended heaven and rose to vaults
lit with flames of his soul, her soul
leaden dancers in your furnace, my furnace.
How pallid the remainder of the seraphim seem
mewling praises
compared to that grand doomed hiss of cold
wings over a forge that turns base flesh to gold

Of course, death is the prerequisite.
I die, dragging my feet
a reluctant little death
malleable under your hand.
Snakes writhe on your golden breastplate
Armor I polish for your greater glory
and mine, reflected, a waxing moon.
Wings bloom from your shoulders
creaking, disused. Your robe swirls
And to a much older robe I say *Mama*
in the gray dawn light of the bedroom
She burned and held me, our secret
her cherub. I rose from that bedroom
Flew through the window's stark rectangle
into the sun's red eye.
I know how to fly.

My adoration is complete. I sing
in time with the blows, each an improvement
a perfection. Now I swirl with you
in the firmament, rain for the wicked,
tears and spit and come
soaring over the graveyard
posing on a tombstone, looking back
where a fragile Papa weeps:

Your mother was an angel.

art by Michaela Grey

Talking Dirty With Net Sluts

by Lizzard Amazon (lizzard@netcom.com)

IT'S MIDNIGHT AND I'M ALL ALONE and horny as hell. Breathlessly I read the next few lines, squeezing my legs together, and I type: "How will I recognize you? I don't even know what you look like!"

In response on my computer screen appears, "Lizzard, I'll be the one with the skirt short enough so you can claim my pussy as your property. You'll be able to slide your hand right up and rub me through the laciest, silkiest, wettest lingerie..."

"Virtual reality" lets identity become ultimately flexible.

It sounds like a fantasy. It *is* a fantasy, shared between me and others in real time on a computer screen. On a world-wide computer network informally known as the Internet, I have an amazingly flexible, fascinating, pornographic and intellectual existence. Every few nights I meet women who want to virtually bottom to me or have other sorts of "netsex." We can write to each other simultaneously (privately or in front of many net readers), send electronic letters and stories back and forth, exchange phone numbers and addresses, or even set up a date for real life.

Computers have the reputation of being cold, unfeeling machines that isolate people from each other. In fact, while I was writing this article, I got kicked out of a trendy San Jose cafe; the groovy, gothic-looking staff claimed my portable computer unnerved them because it had "bad energy."

But these unfeeling machines can be the gateway to a social space for dykes who are isolated geographically—living in Nebraska—or isolated physically—by dissatisfaction with their body, by struggles with health, or with transgender issues. "Virtual reality," or VR, lets identity become ultimately flexible. Net writers sometimes create several textual personalities to express different aspects of their sexuality or gender identification.

On the net, writing becomes a social activity rather than something a starving artist does alone in a tiny apartment. Porn becomes interactive rather than the solitary act of consumerism of reading a magazine or watching a movie. There's no division between "authors" and "readers" since everyone on the net has the same power to publish their stories or messages to a very public space and to respond immediately to others.

Corsair, a prolific and talented net writer, says, "Reading and writing are solitary activities. Posting to the net is a human interaction, and like all human interactions is full of surprises, pleasure, and pain." She described the intensity of her relationships with her female and male net slaves. "Electronic sex can be an intense, emotional, binding relationship that goes on long after the screen goes blank." She has had a long-term relationship with her female slave, whom she met on the net. "My correspondence nurtures her... [gives] her sage advice, support through her ordeals... what I get from her is validation...that she wants to please me and make me proud of her." She plays with her male slave in real life and found that their net play was very inspiring to their interactions in the flesh. "With the groundwork we laid electronically, we knew each other very well before we started scening together."

Erszebet Bathory wrote a detailed reply to my interview and included really, really really hot samples of her fiction and her correspondence.

> Then I would get up and lead you to the room where action takes the place of conversation. I would unfasten the chains from your wrists and bind you to an X-shaped cross and I would rip your shirt and bite at your nipples and around them, drawing blood, drinking it, then kiss you with your blood on my lips.

Erszebet's net name is taken from a medieval countess who is reputed to have bathed in the blood of young female virgins.

This bloodthirsty techno-goddess has a rewarding net sex life with many people that crosses the boundaries between the virtual and real worlds.

> Doing virtual scenes with someone who has the wit to pick up on my personal fetishes, and who fits my own taste, is incredibly exciting. I become extremely aroused while reading their messages, and when writing back a detailed fantasy I can go into an altered consciousness where I actually live out the encounter, soaking the crotch of my leggings and often masturbating while I type.

Erszebet also gets a lot of inspiration for her writing from the net, and says enthusiastically, "Countless people are going to read what you write, who knows who might write back? And they *do* write back! That's the good part. It's interactive."

Often the same writers stressed both the interactive nature of net porn and the possiblity for

Getting Connected...

What is the Internet?

The Internet is a wide network of computers that are linked across the world.

How do I get access?

First you need a computer and a modem. This is not necessarily as expensive as it sounds. If you are getting a computer just for net access, you can buy any old clunker of a PC from 1985 and it will work fine for your purposes. With a modem, you can plug into any phone line. Try your local newspaper or computer magazine classified ads or call the **American Computer Exchange**, 1-800/786-0717; they match buyers and sellers of used computers.

Next you need to find some numbers for your modem to call. There are many local gateways to the Internet—popular ones in the San Francisco Bay Area are the **Well** and **Netcom**. **Delphi** and **Compuserve** are available nationwide, and you should be able to find their number in the phone book. Computer magazines—national or local—often list Internet services and local BBSs. Most universities give free net access to their students and staff. Wherever you are, unless it's Antarctica, you should be able to dial a local area code and get on the net.

Many of these services are limited. They don't give you true access to the Internet, and they might restrict adult content of public posts, or even censor people's private messages! Beware.

Prodigy has the worst reputation for censorship and uptightness.

Compuserve should be available nationwide, 1-800/848-8199.

Netcom is available in California, Seattle, and parts of Texas, 1-800/488-2558.

Is it expensive?

I pay a flat rate of $17.50 a month to **Netcom**. I figure it's about as expensive as going to one music show or lesbian dance club and buying a couple of overpriced beers. And you actually get to have real, in-depth conversations with other human beings.

Some services charge by the hour in addition to their basic rate or setup fee. Twenty dollars a month is about average, I think.

What about Local BBSs?

BBSs, or Bulletin Board Services, are a good place to start if you can't figure out where to get Internet access. They are usually run out of people's houses on their own computers. They might have a particular theme like Church of the Subgenius... or sex. Sex ones, especially ones with pictures of naked people you can download and look at on your computer (called GIFs), usually cost a fair amount. Sometimes you can try them free for a few days or an hour.

In the San Francisco Bay Area, the **Back Door for Women** is fairly popular and has some good resources. You can find their number in the *Spectator* and other magazines. I've logged on to it a few times and had some hot conversations, but I lost interest in favor of IRC channels and women from private mailing lists.

Here are a few BBSs and other resources. Please write in to

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flexible fantasy identity and anonymous, no-strings-attached sex. In short, the best of both worlds: experiences ranging from rewarding, deeply meaningful, long-term S/M relationships to hot, anonymous, body-fluid-exchanging promiscuity.

Ctan (Cecilia Tan in RL or Real Life) told me that several electronic flirting correspondences turned into physical play later. "They always turned out to be hot, heavy scenes in Real Life because through the net we were able to give each other so much as part of an ongoing dialogue..." She also has satisfying anonymous encounters on the net. "Since we didn't know each other, we could each create for ourselves a perfect fantasy partner." Like phone sex services, except that there's no economic relationship.

Corsair, who described her long-term net S/M relationships so eloquently, also brought up the safety of anonymous play. "You can try out things that you would never do in real life, just to see what they're like. It is risk-free: you can't get a disease, you can't get pregnant, beat up, abandoned... Anonymous electronic sex is sex with no consequences, and that's a heady kind of freedom."

"My fingers were shaking. I knew I was submitting to a complete stranger..."

"It's very wild, very intoxicating," says Terri, who frequents several bulletin boards and mailing lists. "In RL, I have a dificult time being a bottom. In VR, I can beg like the slut I am and be treated as such! ;) Also, I have no fear as far as physical pain. I can experiment with heavy flogging, hot wax, burning—anything. Virtual sex is limited only by one thing—my imagination, and that just goes on and on and on."

Although net sex may have no physical dangers other than carpal tunnel syndrome, it can be emotionally risky. Heather, who is a friend in RL as well as on the net, said she was afraid to bottom in RL, but has felt more comfortable exploring her S/M sexuality over the net. She had some emotionally intense late-night sessions with someone who would, in an electronic group setting, tell her when to type and when not to type, in effect completely controlling her presence and personality. "My fingers were shaking. I knew I was submitting to a complete stranger. It was scary," she said.

For me, net sex has been freeing because it gives me a wonderful community that is always there for me. Fucking and S/M in a

continued on page 46

A Brief Guide to Net Dyke Geography

You can subscribe to mailing lists if you have an email address that can be reached from the Internet.

The sappho mailing list:
Write to sappho-request@mc.lcs.mit.edu.
A sort of perpetual discussion of every feminist lesbian issue one could imagine. Ongoing discussions on bisexuality, S/M, transgender, pornography, separatism, Melissa Etheridge vs. k.d.lang, etc. Plus much anecdotal description of everyday life, soul-baring, information requests, networking, and flirting. Sappho administrators check carefully on requests to join in order to keep men off the list.

The awsm mailing list:
Write to awsm-request@silver.lcs.mit.edu
Stands for "All Women's S/M." They are a very interesting and friendly group. TSs welcome.

The alt.sex.bondage newsgroup:
You must learn to use a newsreading program such as rn or trn.
A high-traffic, worldwide group, read by approximately 60,000 men and women. Generates about 50 messages or "posts" per day, if not more. Debates and discussions quite similar to those on sappho, minus the Melissa Etheridge and plus a whole hell of a lot of straight people and men in general. Once a month or so the list of

continued on page 47

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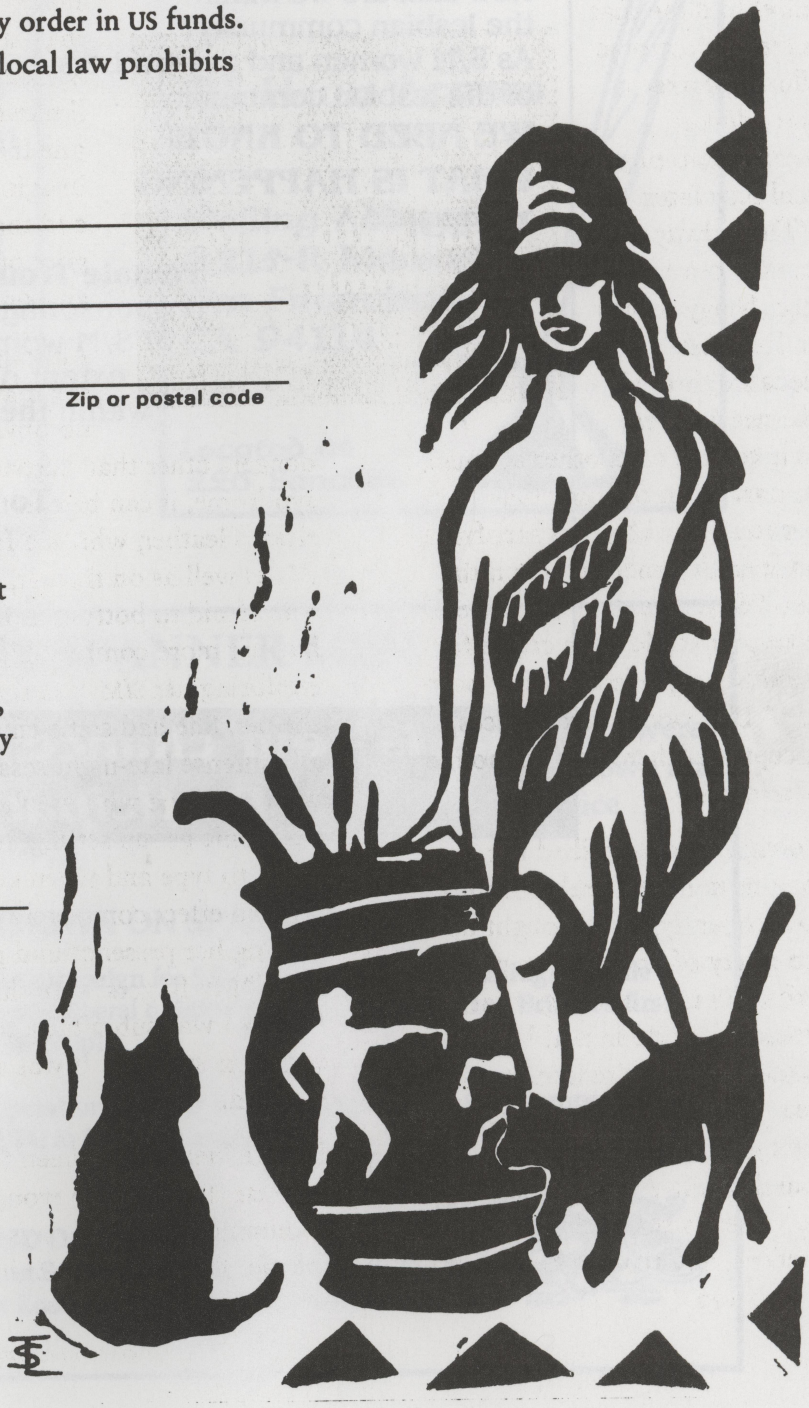

art by Terry Sapp

VIOLENCE
AGAINST S/M WOMEN

Harassment Discrimination Physical Assault

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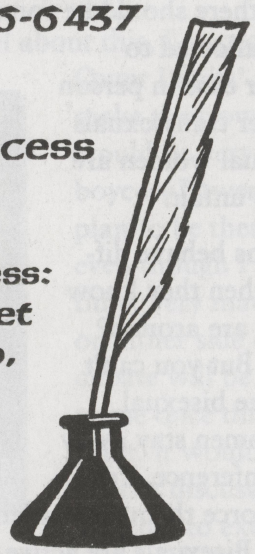


FREE THE SPANNER MEN

As you read this, two men are in solitary confinement in a British prison. They were convicted of assault for doing consensual S/M. Roland Jaggard and Tony Brown are part of a group of 16 men who were convicted as a result of a three-year police investigation called Operation Spanner.

COUNTDOWN ON SPANNER

was founded in 1992. We initiated the first campaign for S/M rights in Britain. Our high-profile media defense of the Spanner men has turned liberal opinion around. We organized Britain's first S/M pride March, which attracted over 750 people.

Five of the men convicted as a result of Operation Spanner are taking the case to the European Court of Human Rights. We need to raise $160,000 to fund this appeal.

SEND DONATIONS TO:
Countdown on Spanner, c/o Central Station,
37 Wharfdale Road, London N1, Great Britain

Powersurge *continued from page 7*

group know and like these guys. Some of them have been vocal members of our community for many years, so it would be a little awkward to try to kick them out now. There's nothing wrong with this. The best way to get educated about other minorities is to listen to their concerns and opinions. But there should be some consistency. If FTMs are allowed to plead their case in person while other transsexuals and bisexual women are not, that's unfair.

Do lesbians behave differently when they know bi women are around? Probably. But you can't really make bisexual leather women stay away from a conference. You can only force them to be silent about their true identities. Bisexuals are active in every level of our community, and we have a common cause with them. Bisexuals are not closeted homosexuals or heterosexual spies in queer mufti. Even the March on Washington got over their biphobia (well, some of it, anyway).

My lover identifies as bisexual. Do I have to leave the woman I love at home before I can come to a lesbian event?

My lover identifies as bisexual. On the street, she gets called a dyke at least as often as I do. Her family disowned her for being queer. Do I have to leave the woman I love at home before I can come to a lesbian event? From time to time, I've done S/M or had genital sex with men. I call myself a dyke because this isn't a part of my play right now, and I can't imagine ever having a romantic, primary relationship with a man. I've had less straight sex than many women who call themselves dykes today. But some women have told me that my history disqualifies me from admission to Powersurge.

I am reluctant to accept bisexual women as part of my personal network unless I am sure that they are not going to violate some of my boundaries as a lesbian. I want to know if a bisexual woman can say no to men. Does she respect my primary relationship with another woman as much as she respects male/female coupling? Does she believe my sexual choices are legitimate, or does she think I am one-down? Is she willing and able to reciprocate sexually, or does she just want to get done? Is she a feminist? And, more than that, does she love other women? Are women her priority? If we are together on the street and confronted with anti-gay violence, will she go back-to-back with me and deal with it, or will she blame me for bringing it upon us because I am too obvious?

However, if I am honest, I have to admit that many lesbians I know can't pass these tests. I know dykes who don't really like women, who don't put women first. I've had other dykes pick on me when we've experienced violence or discrimination, instead of focusing their hostility on the bashers. And we all know lesbian do-me queens. Are these women our sisters? Are they part of our community?

I've been hosting S/M play parties for women for more than a decade. My admission policy is simple. I welcome any woman who is interested in doing S/M with other women, as long as she's polite and doesn't engage in unsafe play. This includes bisexual, heterosexual, lesbian, and transsexual women. In the beginning, this policy was a result of modeling my parties on gay men's bathhouses. Those places just give you a towel and a locker key when you hand over the price of admission. They don't ask any questions about sexual orientation. I was afraid if I made the criteria for admission too narrow, I wouldn't have enough women to pay the rent on the party space.

Today, I continue this policy because it is the one I am most comfortable with. Like the women who hold Powersurge, I figure since it's my party and I do most of the work, I get to make the rules. I'm sure there are lesbians who don't come to my parties because they don't want to share sexual space with anyone but women-born dykes. This makes me really sad. But I don't know how to make them safe without turning myself into a person that I won't like. I really hate the idea of quizzing women about their sexual identities, the details of their sexual practices and bodies, and excluding some of them because they give me the wrong answers. I don't want to hire a lab to test everybody's chromosomes. When exclusionary policies are made, you have to think about how they are going to be enforced. Sometimes when we put our rules into action, we become the thing we feared or something much, much worse.

It's time we stopped treating some parts of our community as bastard children or crazy aunts that need to be kept locked in the attic.

Fortunately, there are also a lot of dykes who feel safe and comfortable at my events. These parties build community. They do not detract from lesbian unity or freedom. Besides, women's identities change. A woman who is bi or straight today might come out as a lesbian next week. If I excluded her, wouldn't it make that process more difficult? Even people in gender transition sometimes change their minds. I don't want to push somebody who is considering permanently changing her body into a hasty decision. By making a place for diversity, I open up the possibilities that women have for sexual exploration and self-labeling. If you can't try something on, you can't see if it fits.

Whether we like it or not, we all occupy the same social space. Sex workers, bi women, transgendered women, and women-born-women leatherdykes form a crazy-quilt family that fucks together, fights together, and defends our territory against hostile outsiders. I think it's time we acknowledged the reality of all the parts of our leather women's family, and stopped treating some parts of our community as bastard children or crazy aunts that need to be kept locked in the attic.

No matter how I feel about this, I respect the Outer Limits' right to make their own rules. It would be very wrong to boycott Powersurge. I plan to be there in 1994 even though I don't think very many people on either side of this debate will be speaking to me once this hits print. It would be terrible if a discussion about whether to extend the boundaries of our community made it smaller or more divided.

If some of us don't like the Powersurge admission policy, I think the appropriate response is to have another conference. Of course, this is pretty much what Lisa Vogel and Boo-Boo Price told us when they banned S/M play parties at Michigan, and I have yet to see a leatherdyke's music festival get off the ground. Perhaps a conference open to all women who do S/M with other women could be sponsored by the Outcasts in San Francisco, which has had an open membership policy since its inception.

Maybe I'm being a myopic idealist, but I do hope that out of this dialogue, we will all reach a new level of insight, tolerance, and unity. After all, wasn't that the reason for having Powersurge in the first place?

continued from page 15

With me so far? To divert suspicion, they frame the nymphet's kinky trick, a weaselly fellow who pays to be called "Mr. Master." The cops are lauded as brilliant sleuths when they uncover the frame-up. The "pervert" "scumball" "deviant" (all of which he is called at different times during the show) doesn't get off scot-free, of course. During his capture, he bites a cop. Big subplot: did the cop catch AIDS from the bite? Well, hell, all us scumballs dip our fangs in pure HIV every morning. The show's superego is a disembodied voice that probes the characters' morals and motivations. The weasel whines about his S/M partners: "But none of them were hurt." Voice of God: "Are you *sure*?" Meaningful pause. S/M weasel sees the light: "Maybe if I get out of this, I'll stop." One day at a time, pal. Actually, now you can use these patches. Completely stops the desire to engage in anti-social sexual activity.

Sex sells. Kinky sex sells even better.

The creator and executive producer of both popular shows is Dick Wolf. In a way, I hate to slam him. The shows generally have better production values than most. Tight editing, crisp pacing and a good ear for dialogue. And not all the scripts are drafted by the Family Values Coalition. "Law and Order" recently aired a queer-sensitive story about the death of a gay cop due to his fellow officers' homophobia.

But politics have nothing to do with the anti-S/M leitmotif. Most likely, Dick Wolf knows the dynamics of Victorian capitalism. Sex sells. Kinky sex sells even better. Make money from S/M, sneer, and carefully wash your hands. Clothed in these moralistic robes, the camera can linger over the bondage (which is usually dorky or unsafe or both), and close in on the terrified eyes over the gag. Safe jollies for a couch potato, and guilt free. Any real S/M, any hint of pleasure or how it really works between consenting partners must be scorned with Calvinist damnation. Kids, don't try this at home. Professional stunt perverts only.

Jennifer Gilmor—Girlz 'n' the Hood

S/M photography too often has all the depth of a mug shot. Other work can be tender but flunks the wet test. In *Girlz 'n' the Hood* —a dozen lesbian images recently shown at *A Different Light* in San Francisco—Jennifer Gilmor gives us photos both hot and human. Rather than posing formal studies, Gilmor allows her models to choose how to present their sexuality. The results are, pun intended, striking. My favorite captures a woman in the midst of ejaculation after being fucked with a candle. Here's the radical part: these Girlz are having *fun*! The candle-wielding fucker is grinning! The fuckee radiates joy! The subjects clearly found the photo experience empowering. Said one model: "I believe I have a lot to say. Why not say it with my cunt?"

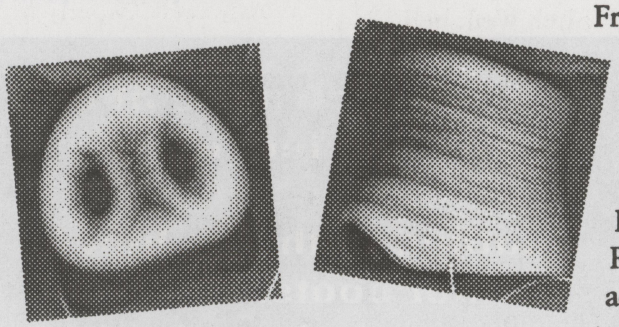
v

Put on Your Reading Glasses:
Twisted Print for Kinky Girls

WE WANT this space to be a regular occurrence, chock full of information about stuff by, for or about the leather community. (Of course, "leather community" is one of those really flexible kinds of terms, so interesting things are likely to happen here.) Being based in San Francisco, it can be easy to get spoiled and assume that everyone has access to the same sorts of resources and information we have here in the city of Leathery Love, so part of the idea is to make it easier for leatherdykes who live in a more isolated part of the world to hook up with some information. (Or strange toys, like our oinker nose. Nicola got her piggy part at a costume shop, Robin found one at Cliff's. If you can't get one in your town, send us three dollars and we'll get one to you. We pigs need all the help we can get...)

Of course, since what everybody around here has been talking about—and dreaming, eating and worrying about, as well—is publishing, let's check what's on the nightstand and other places in terms of reading material of the not-a-book type.

Brat Attack (PO Box 40754, San Francisco, CA 94104-0754. Five dollars for a single, current issue) is one of our favorite things, ever. Fish does an amazing job of bringing together fiction, features and wonderful comics. Where else can you get working class S/M dykes talking about their lives and a hilarious multiple page cartoon on dildo mania in the same place? *Brat*



rants, entertains and challenges, and should be mandatory kinky reading for everyone. *Quim* (BM 2182, London, England, WC1N3XX) is the another lesbian publication we hold close to our hearts, and other parts. Beautiful photographs and great fiction, it also is smart about issues facing our community and gives a really good glimpse into a community outside the United States. Also check out *Bad Attitude* (PO Box 390110, Cambridge, MA 02139) for more good smut about bad girls.

While we may be primarily women who do it with other women, we are definitely not gender specific in our search for kinky porn and discussion. *Taste of Latex* (PO Box 460122, San Francisco, CA 94146-0122) is a pansexual magazine that is always a good read. Mz. Lily's publication often focuses on a specific issue—the last one was all about sex workers—and is highly recommended. Another pansexual magazine that has a different bent (ha, ha) is *Frighten the Horses*, (41 Sutter Street, Number 1108, San Francisco, CA 94104). Politics and porn are both personal here, and the results are always excellent.

A long time ago, in a Philadelphia far, far away, Robin's life was changed by actually getting the nerve to buy a copy of the magazine that was making all of her vanilla faggot friends so crazy, *Drummer* (Desmodus, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA, 94141-0390). After all this time, it's still a good read, if faggots in leather pique your interest. *Bound and Gagged* (The Outbound Press, Inc., 89 6th Avenue, Suite 803, New York, NY 10003) is another boy-mag that is on the list of must-reads. A bondage magazine that's all true stories from readers—even the ones involving a fleet of Marines, we believe them, yes, we do—Bob Wingate provides a very hot format for gay men's bondage stories, and some great mail order stuff, to boot.

Now, what are your favorite publications, hmm?

Next time, what books to buy, which to borrow, which to ignore.

V

I looked at Jaime and I said, "Jaime?" and Jaime went, "Daddy's got a wonderful waller!"

Nora [to Jaime]: Well?

Jaime: Well. Boy loves to be spanked. So Boy will do just about anything to get Daddy to spank him. He'll ask for it, [...] for punishment or reward, just for the hell of it, so I guess basically the game around that is trying to figure out how to get it. We haven't played ball in a long time! [laughter]

I feel much more able to be and feel Master when I'm in black leather, with big, black leather boots. You have to power-dress for it!

Nora: Now there's also this butch-femme thing we've been talking about: daddies and boys, daddies and girls. I know this will sound like a provocative question, but is daddy a flavor of butch for you?

Skeeter: A friend of mine was relating a conversation she had where a friend of hers said that she didn't think I was all that butch. And it brought up two emotions in me. First of all, you know, I don't really care what other people think. I'm not so insecure about my role that I get really nervous if someone else doesn't see me as butch. The other part of me was my pride, going, "What do you mean, I'm not that butch?! Let me show you!" Yeah, I guess if I have to label it, I am butch, that's how I identify. The sort of people that I'm attracted to have usually been fairly androgynous, boy-like, but I'll look twice at a really pretty girl. I'm more comfortable having a boy, but in the last few years, I've been around girls more, and it's a whole other way of dealing with daddies. There's a way that girls will respond to daddies, and it's hard to describe.

Nora: Please try anyway.

Skeeter: Say if you take the word "protection," and how I might feel as Daddy protecting Boy and protecting a girl. I'd look out for different things. With a girl, if we were in a funky area, or a particular bar where I felt a pretty girl was going to get mauled or mishandled, that protection would kick in, whereas with Boy I might feel a little bit more like they could take care of themselves. But there are other areas were I feel Boy might need more. I feel different being a daddy to a girl than I do being daddy to a boy. I feel more comfortable being daddy to a boy, maybe because I know it better. I certainly have a great admiration and respect for pretty girls, for women who choose that role. I can definitely respond to it. I just like to see women being whatever they think they'll be comfortable with. I mean, Jaime — I can say this, maybe [looks to Jaime, who nods] — Jaime makes a really good girl. She'll put on lingerie and look so fucking hot, and do the sexy girl thing, and that turns me on a lot. I like people who are confident enough to go for those other roles. It's just challenging society, saying, "Fuck it," you know, whatever: girl-boy, daddy-boy, mommy-boy, mistress, it doesn't matter.

Nora: Do you think daddy is a type of butch, Jaime?

Jaime: Not for Skeeter. But probably for some people. I think that daddy relationships, daddy-girl, daddy-boy, are the flavor of the month at the moment.

Skeeter: Yeah, they've become really popular.

Nora: That's not bad.

Jaime: No — if we didn't set trends, what would straight people do? [general laughter]

Nora: What would people like me write about? So — you were talking about the

dressing up thing, wearing different kinds of clothing. Does Daddy dress differently, than, say, Master?

Skeeter: No, if I get dressed up in my leather trousers and my big leather boots, my leather shirt, I feel good. I like to wear leather. I feel powerful, you know, and if somebody's going to be down on their knees kissing my boots, I like to be wearing big, black leather boots. But Daddy is always a part of what I am, so if I dress in a plaid shirt, a pair of jeans and a pair of sneakers, I still expect whoever to treat me that way, if that's the relationship we're in. I would expect the same if I walked in in a pair of furry bunny slippers.

Being Daddy's not about being male.

Jaime: It only hasn't happened because you don't have furry bunny slippers.

Skeeter: Now, Master, on the other hand... Master is still part of what I am, but I just feel much more able to be and feel Master when I'm in black leather, with big, black leather boots. You have to power-dress for it!

Nora: How do you personally relate to gay men and do you think the daddy-boy thing is something the lesbian community has adopted from the gay male community?

Skeeter: I spent years of my life being a lesbian who didn't have men in her life. I had fucked-up stuff with my father and spent a lot of time with just women, living in women's houses, being a feminist. I have a healthy respect for that kind of state, because women at different points in their life need that. I then started meeting men, and realizing that I missed them in my life and that I like men, that I didn't actually have a problem with men, and I wasn't angry with individual men, it was just the whole society thing. And so I started making friends, especially leathermen. I have a real respect for leathermen. I have some really good close men friends who I think offer me things that women don't.

As far as the daddy-boy thing goes, I think that maybe originally lesbians looked at the gay men's community, and saw these roles, and because of the way society sets it up, they were powerful roles. Daddy, Leatherman were very powerful, different from the power the Mistress has. For butch women, I think it was something they couldn't identify with, the mistress thing, the corseting, and that very severe look, very harsh, so we had to try and find another role that made us feel powerful.

A lot of women get into conflict when I say I'm a daddy or I have a boy, and in fact she's a girl, and they look confused, and it's like, "How could you take these roles on, and how can you be a daddy when you're a woman, and how can you call your girlfriend or your lover a boy when she's actually a woman?" Well, you can use any word to describe what you are, and what you feel. Daddy is not like the traditional daddy of the family, where it's a man, woman and two kids.

That's a lot of women's view of daddies. They've grown up with a violent father, they've grown up with abuse, they've seen their father beat their mother, they don't want anything to do with a daddy or with a father. And for me it's empowering that side of us, the paternal side, which is very different from the maternal side. I can understand why a lot of women pull away from it. I wouldn't push it in people's faces, because I know a lot of women would have problems with it. But I don't think we now copy the gay men or follow in their footsteps anymore. I think we're doing it our own way. Women who are daddies are very different from male daddies.

Nora: The word that I keep hearing come up is nurturing, which is traditionally seen as a feminine quality.

Skeeter: Being Daddy's not about being male. I may strap it on, I may be referred to as "he," I may take on all those qualities people think of

as male, but I'm also a woman, and I know that and I like that about myself. Being Daddy is not about being a man, necessarily.

Nora: Tell me a little bit about the Dyke Daddy contest.

Skeeter: Well, I'm *Dyke Daddy II*, so last year was only the second year that it was run. It was sponsored by Stormy Leather and produced by Rena Davis. I think that it came about partly because it was obviously a growing thing. There were lots more women who were calling themselves and being known as daddies. So I think some competition started, like it does with a lot of things. I don't think I would do any other contest. I don't feel like I need a title. But the title *Dyke Daddy* means something to me, because I am one, so it's very interesting.

It's so wonderful to be helpless sometimes, and not to have to worry about the world crashing in. Daddy's there for you, and you can just let go.

I want to say a little thing here, because this is kind of important to me. One of the jokes is that when you become a title holder of any kind, you become the community's dildo. I am a representative of the community, and I do feel it's my responsibility to come out with positive images about dyke daddies. We're all different, so I don't personify everything that dyke daddy is. I've had people come up to me, and not necessarily call me Daddy, but start acting towards me like I'm their daddy. Yes, I'm *Dyke Daddy*, and yes, I'll represent the community, yes, I'll be your representative, but I'm not everybody's daddy. I just wanted to say that.

Nora: What differences do you see between the US and the UK in terms of daddies? Is this as hot in Britain as it is here?

Skeeter: In London, there've always been women into leather, there've always been women into S/M, but it's a newer community. The women's community there, the S/M community, is much more what I call street S/M, street leather. It's not so structured and so formal. We don't have that long history of women who are old-guard leather, where it's really traditional. The laws surrounding sexuality, sexual practices, and sexual "morals" are much more conservative and restrictive in England. For example, to pierce somebody in a sexual atmosphere or for sexual pleasure is illegal, and a masochist could be and has been arrested and imprisoned for "assaulting himself." So there's more to fight against. I think that's why, for me, there's a "fuck you" sense to leather-S/M in London. It's a rebellious feeling.

The dyke daddy thing is taking off in London. When we were back there last year, Jaime and I, she was calling me Daddy. A lot of my friends were fazed by it at first. They were like, "What does that mean?" But people liked it, and they felt really comfortable with it after a while. And you start hearing more and more people being called Daddy and Boy. The men's and the women's communities in London are starting to come up with new ties, but it's been very, very separate. There are men's leather bars and there are women's leather bars. *A* leather bar. [Laughter] It was always very separate. So the women there didn't have the whole gay men's thing of daddy-boy. But I don't know everybody in London, so I don't mean to generalize.

Nora: What is the most gratifying thing about being a daddy? And is there a down side to it?

Skeeter: Being in a relationship with Jaime, I've discovered a part of myself that makes me very happy, and it's very fulfilling. It makes me feel a lot more complete. The down side is, having that

to fulfill, and when I'm meeting other people in other parts of my life, and that whole role doesn't really happen with them. People react strangely, and don't really understand it, so that side of me doesn't get dealt with. And I miss it. If I'm away from Jaime for a long time, like when I went back to London for a while, I really miss being her daddy, how it can make me feel. [Big smoochy kiss!]

Nora: Jaime?

Jaime: It's all gratifying, otherwise I wouldn't do it. It's so wonderful to be helpless sometimes, and not to have to worry about the world crashing in. Daddy's there for you, and you can just let go. Let go of everything, and feel very safe, and know that he's not going to break your bones, like Master would! [laughter]

Skeeter: The bad stuff?

Jaime: When other people see you in a certain role in public, they expect you to treat them with the same respect that you treat your daddy with, which doesn't exist for most people. That's the only downfall, really. But it's all very gratifying: the nurturing, the care-taking, the soothing, the discipline. It's all something that I've needed, and still need.

Skeeter: I just want to say one little thing. Whenever I give interviews or talk about being a daddy, it's really important to me to say that I talk about me, the type of daddy I am. I know women who would look at this and say, "That's not what being daddy is for me." I may sometimes make general statements, but I'm really talking about me. Daddy can be whatever you want Daddy to be. I've met very feminine daddies. I've met small women who were daddies. I've met young women who were daddies. It's a very personal thing. You could be wearing a skirt and a nippleless bra, and be daddy.

Nora: [laughs] I'll have to try that one!

V

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Those swell folks at **CopyMat**

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April Miller, who thinks that butches are... decorative.

Mitch, for services rendered

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Skeeter and Jaime

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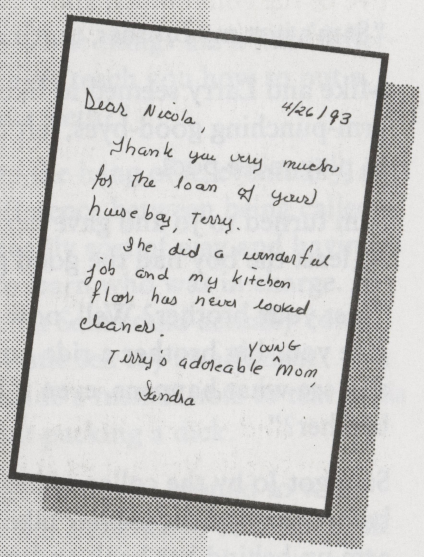
Terry's mom


Dear Nicola, 4/26/93

Thank you very much for the loan of your house boy, Terry.

She did a wonderful job and my kitchen floor has never looked cleaner.

Terry's adorable young mom

Sandra

That Boy *continued from page 22*

were always trying to figure out if they were girlfriends or not. No one knew anyone either of them had slept with, but they weren't very affectionate with each other, either. Sam suspected they both sublimated their sex drives into their pool games. They played very, very good pool.

They were doing that sort of conversation that happens in bars, where everyone is talking to everyone else and no one is quite listening. Then Larry spoke, loudly enough to shut the three of them up.

"Hey, Jo. You doing it with other boys now? Turning into a faggot, huh?"

Shit, Sam swore to herself. For a couple of girls who looked like rejects from a remake of *Cruising* they sure were being cruel to other butches. She hoped that they didn't freak Jo out and scare the boy off. She hated the shit she got from other butches about being into butch women more than the flak she sometimes got from femmes. At least the girls in high heels understood some of the attraction butches held, even if it made them a little pissy when butches went off with each other. If a butch wasn't into butches, it could turn into some really weird and twisted homophobic stuff.

Jo was blushing as she slowly shook her head no.

"Sam's just my brother, that's all."

Mike and Larry seemed to like that and, with arm-punching good-byes, left them at their table to play more pool.

Sam turned to Jo and gave her a long, hard look. At least the boy had the good grace to look away.

"Just your brother? Well, now. I see. You gonna give your big brother a ride home on your bike and see what happens, even if I'm just your brother?"

Sam got Jo by the collar of her jacket almost before she had turned her bike off. She pulled Jo's arm up behind her back and marched her up the stairs to the front door. As soon as she managed to get the door open, with Jo squirming and complaining, Sam shoved the boy in and up against the wall. Held her by her throat, just to get her attention.

"Listen to me, boy. This isn't a game, and this isn't about being an asshole. I know what kind of a boy you can be, and I want you to be that good. Boy."

Sam opened Jo's leather jacket, and pulled her tank top out of her pants and up above her tits. Letting go of Jo's neck, Sam put one hand on Jo's tit and grabbed her nipple. With the other one, she opened her own jacket and vest and let Jo get at her tits. Jo responded like a dream to Sam's twisting and tugging, and tried not to cry out when Sam got her nipple between her fingernails. Sam worked both of the boy's nipples into hard, brown rocks, and started slapping and punching her chest.

"Yeah, you fucking stud you. You work out at the gym, every day, getting this body together and hard so that someone can come along and hurt you. And nobody hurts you enough. Nobody hits you hard enough, or pushes you far enough. You're good and all that, but being a good boy isn't all you want, right? You want to be able to wrestle and push and fight back and still be taken down, right? You want to have to be good because you want to be good and somebody meaner than you made you do it, huh?"

Jo had started moaning a little bit as Sam pummeled her. She punched Jo's chest and her arms, put her knee in between her legs and shoved it against her crotch. Jo was talking back at her now, say yes, saying no, saying she didn't know who would win this, saying please. Sam had guessed right about some of Jo's buttons, and the boy was very turned on. Jo had started working Sam's tit-rings, and was pulling them almost as hard as Sam was punching her.

"That's right, you get to fight back. I take it as long as you take what I give you. Until I decide it's enough."

At that, Sam slapped Jo's face, hard, right and left hand and then right again. Jo put her hands back up against the wall (which was just as well. Sam's tits hadn't been healed that long and it was starting to really hurt. It doesn't do to yelp the first time you're taking a boy down.)

"You're ready to do this?" Sam asked, her nose an inch away from Jo's, both of them breathing hard.

Jo nodded.

"I can't hear you," Sam said.

"Yeah."

"What?

"Yes, I'm ready?"

"Wrong," Sam slapped Jo again, whose dark eyes were beginning to looked confused and mad in addition to horny. "You call me sir when we do this, boy. Try again."

"Yes, sir, I'm ready, sir?"

"That's better."

Sam shoved Jo down the hall and into her room. She had unfolded her futon before she left for the bar and had put her toys within reach. It wasn't an extensive collection, but Sam was pretty pleased with the range of sensations she could create. She grabbed Jo and kissed her, hard. Sam had wanted to get this boy in her room for so long, she broke her own rule about kissing on the first date. It was alright to beat somebody, or get hurt herself, but kissing was different. Kissing was intimate and close.

No matter. Jo's mouth tasted like her cigarettes and something minty and, above all, sex. Sam leaned into the kiss, searching and finding answers to questions that frightened her. Sam was nearly breathless when she finally pulled herself away, and shoved Jo to her knees.

Sam had taken a risk and bought a new piece of chain for Jo's collar. She pulled it out of her pocket and put it around Jo's neck. She locked it into place and pulled Jo's head back to look into her eyes.

"There anything you want to say?"

Jo looked at Sam and then took a deep breath.

"Sir, I've never done this before." At Sam's bark of laughter, the boy got defensive. "I've never done it with someone I called sir, before. Sir. You know, another boy. I've only bottomed for femme tops before. Sir."

"Your mistress ever teach you how to put a rubber on with your teeth?"

Sam looked at Jo, and then stepped back. She kept eye contact with Jo, and stripped off her jacket and tossed it in the corner. Sam then ran her hand down over her belt buckle and the bulge in the front of her pants. She ran her fingers down her cock until Jo got the idea and dropped her eyes to crotch level. When Sam had first wandered into a sex shop, finally deciding to make some of her kinky fantasies into realities, she had found a copy of the *Leatherman's Handbook*. Larry Townsend's diatribe about how a bottom had to know how to suck dick had made an impression on Sam that had started her on the road to being a very different kind of dyke.

"Well," Sam said, "some things are a little different. Your mistress ever teach you how to put a rubber on with your teeth?"

The boy had gotten the hang of it, eventually, and had learned the difference between being called a cocksucker in a friendly sort of way and having your face fucked to learn who was in charge. Jo seemed surprised that Sam could actually come from having her plastic sex toy attachment sucked, and Sam made a mental note to teach this boy a little bit about packing a dick.

Sam sent the boy down on the ground to work her boots and give her a chance to tuck her cock back in her pants. Then she reached down, and

grabbed Jo by the belt and tossed her onto her futon. Jo actually growled at shifting gears from sweet boot-chewing to being treated like a sack of potatoes. Sam fell on top of her, and they wrestled.

Once the wrestling was done, Jo had lost her boots and her pants—Sam was glad to see that Jo was the kind of boy who didn't wear underwear—and had gained a pair of wrist restraints that tied her spread-eagled and face up on Sam's futon. Sam, meanwhile, had a series of bite marks down her neck and onto her chest. They had wrestled seriously for a while, tossing each other against the bed and the wall, with Jo's height advantage giving her an edge.

At one point, Jo had Sam face down with her knee in her back.

"Ask me," Sam managed to choke out, trying to grab at Jo and failing.

"Huh? Ask you what?"

That break in concentration was what Sam had needed, and she pushed Jo up and off her back and got her by the chain around her neck.

"Ask me permission to laugh, boy." Sam then tickled her until she begged Sam to stop. Part of being a top, Sam had found, was taking full advantage of whatever dirty tricks became available.

The rest of the scene had been exploration, seeing what Sam had that Jo did and didn't like and what she would and wouldn't take. It was hardly safe, sane and consensual, but that night was possibly the hottest sex Sam had ever had. They hadn't done negotiations with each of them having a list of do's and don'ts and what ifs. Instead, Sam would push and Jo would either give in or try to get away, and it didn't seem to bother either of them. The times Jo said "no," Sam was able to figure out it really meant no, and stopped. The boy had courage.

Jo didn't care for the needles that Sam had put through her upper arm, although she toughed it out until Sam had pulled them out. The boy was a pig, though, when Sam covered her chest and stomach with clothespins, and played with them until Jo laughed and then yowled. She only tried to get away when Sam started removing them with her riding crop.

Sam had guessed right, Jo liked to be hit hard. The boy liked the drum sticks that Sam worked her thighs with, leaving deep bruises that would continue to rise for another three days. Sam turned her over and flogged her back for what seemed liked hours, until Jo broke down and cried and then asked for more. (At that point, Sam was pretty certain she was in love with this boy, even if it was only for one night.) Jo hated the cane that Sam brought down across her ass—convincing Sam to be a little less in love but still smitten—but put up with it long enough to call Sam an asshole.

But when Sam started taking off her belt to administer a few discipline blows for using bad language, Jo gave her a real no, up on her knees and pulling Sam's futon with her, trying to get away from what was obviously not Sam but someone else, older and meaner and ages ago. Sam dropped her belt, and landed on Jo with her full weight. Trying to keep someone grounded while they fought with an old demon and cried for the second time in one night was part of what came with the territory, although it scared Sam almost as much as it scared Jo.

Then when the boy had stopped crying and finally relaxed, not noticing that Sam had taken the restraints off and her dick out, the fucking part started. Slow at first, playing with the boy's ass and trying to open it up, feeding the boy's ass with lube with both of them growling and moaning and trying to see if it would work. Then faster and crazy and howling until Jo gave it up, hollering and coming under Sam and begging her not to let it stop. Sam put Jo on her back and then put her gloved hand into her, fucking Jo with a fury she didn't recognize until Sam swore that she would never be able to move her arm again.

They had slept hard after the sex that first night, Sam barely able to stay awake long enough to make Jo pull her boots and lube covered gloves and dick off. Sam kept Jo's collar on, and Jo didn't ask for it to be taken off. Sam tucked Jo's butt against her belly and held onto her until they both fell asleep. Jo woke up early in the morning before it was light, and chewed on Sam's neck enough for her to roll over. Jo figured out pretty quickly how to pin Sam down and give her back what she wanted.

It had been pretty much like that since then, although it was hard to get Jo to commit to a date past next week.

For Sam's birthday a couple of weeks earlier, Jo had met Sam up in Collingswood Park and they had attracted a crowd of cheering faggots while they fucked in the bushes. Jo had leaned against a tree and made Sam suck her off, and then fucked her from behind. (Jo had learned quickly about having a handle on her dick.) The boys had loved it. Later that night, at Sam's house, Jo had given her a copy of her bike key, in case Sam had ever needed to borrow it. Sam had taken it as a sign of some sort of commitment. But later in a vulnerable moment after sex and ice cream, when Sam had told Jo it was the best birthday a girlfriend had ever done for her, Jo had exploded. She started yelling about how she didn't like being pressured and couldn't they just be buddies? The two of them had had a horrible fight and Sam had stormed off, furious that her birthday had been screwed up and terrified that this fight was the beginning of the end. They had been careful with each other since then, afraid to talk about this already-fragile matter.

Sam wanted a girlfriend she knew was her girlfriend. Was that totally impossible with another butch, or just this particular butch?

Sam wanted a girlfriend she knew was her girlfriend. Was that totally impossible with another butch, or just this particular butch?

Jo came into the kitchen, dressed for her shift at the cafe.

"You okay, bud?" she asked, trying to get Sam's attention. She knew Sam's best moments were not in the morning, but usually she didn't hang out, lost in space and naked in front of the coffee pot.

"Oh, yeah. Just a little worn out from last night, you animal."

Sam smiled at her as Jo swallowed her cup of coffee and leaned over the table to kiss her.

"I'm off at seven. Come by and pick me up, if you want. We can do dinner or something," Jo said, as she put her jacket on and headed out the door.

'Yeah, right, of course,' Sam thought, as the door closed. 'It's always going to be easy and weird and not quite solid. Just significant buddies. Shit.' Sam put the coffee mugs in the sink and went back down the hall to her room. She'd go back to sleep or jack off to make herself feel better. She refused to cry over that stupid boy and this stupid relationship, and bit her lip to keep the tears from starting.

Jo had made the bed and piled everything else in one corner of her room. There was a gym bag in the middle of her futon. Jo had written a note and taped it to the bag.

'I hope you don't mind, but I'll be back tonight and I thought I should keep this stuff here.'

Nestled in several pairs of Jo's underwear and socks was her dick and harness. Sam laughed out loud at how significant a sex toy could be. Feeling cheerier, she decided to go out to breakfast at the cafe where Jo worked. Maybe she could get a deal since she was boffing the cook.

V

Net Sluts *continued from page 30*

community context, being surrounded by lesbians and by leather folk in general, really hearing their opinions and their scenes and their relationship problems stimulate me to keep on thinking about what it means to be a bi leather dyke, about my personal identity, my sexual practices, and my place in the world. The anarchic, dialogue-focused nature of the Internet allows a tremendous amount of discourse about sex and S/M to happen 24 hours a day, every day—discourse that we need in order to remain a growing and healthy community. Although net writers joke about the division between RL and Net life, and RL communities can be hostile to being "invaded by computer nerds," I believe the net infuses RL communities with much of its vitality. It keeps S/M people across the world updated on important safety information, new books and magazines, legal issues, and ethical debates. And it's been a great way for me to meet hot, intelligent women into leather!

Getting Connected *continued from page 29*

Venus Infers or to my e-mail address, lizzard @netcom.com, and send us information on interesting BBSs!

The Back Door for Women 415/756-6426 (8-N-1). Queer, women only, lots of S/M.

Multicom IV 716/473-4070 . Queer, mixed gender.

The Shrine 408/747 0778.
Sex Magick, women only by request.

Bound for Pleasure Write to bfpbbs@bfp.com.

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Net Dyke Geography
continued from page 30

Answers to Frequently Asked Questions are posted. This document presents a lot of basic S/M information to the world and is very thorough. This group has a loose core of frequent posters. Lots of them live in the Bay Area, and they meet once a week in Palo Alto.

gl-asb:
Write to gl-asb-request @queernet.org
The private mailing list for queer leather folk who got tired of the public nature of the alt.sex. bondage. newsgroup.

IRC:
A very cool program run on many servers throughout the world. It allows you to read and talk in "realtime" on two channels at once. IRC channels can be public or private. #Crossdress and #bondage are quite interesting and friendly, especially late at night. There are also ephemeral groups like #bifem, #lezzie, etc. Some of these are lures set up by straight dudes who want to talk about how they would like to see two women licking each other's pussies. Beware!

In sum...
There are many, many more mailing lists and newsgroups, but these are a good place to find your niche or meet people to talk with privately.

It's a good idea to get a book about the Internet. There are several available. The best one I've seen is *The Whole Internet User's Guide and Catalog* by Ed Krol.

V

continued from page 3

where we can agree to disagree about the things that are important to us as leatherwomen. Wanting a place where the artists and photographers who are part of our extended community can put their work, and not be afraid someone will decide it's too much to handle.

And of course, it's about wanting to fill every waking and many sleeping moments with questions about publishing I didn't know I had and wanting to scare all my friends and acquaintances with my ever-present ad sheet. And wanting to get Terry a date.

And now I want my Hugh Hefner pajamas.
And a nap."

—Robin Sweeney

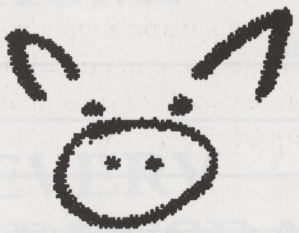
"IT'S KINDA HARD to say. Just basically to get out in the community and meet people and see what's out there. Bare my back for people. Pick up heavy things. Be good and do my job because I'm a good dog."

—Taylor

"INITIALLY, I THOUGHT this was a completely cool idea. Pat said: Hey, work on a new magazine, meet perverted hot women, get a date. OK, I thought, sounds good. Somewhere in the middle of our second fundraiser I realized this magazine stuff was a hell of a lot of work. This, Pat "forgot" to mention.

Nevertheless, doing it means I get to play with an amazing group of perverts, read the newest, hottest porn, browse through photos that make me wet, wet, wet and put another opinionated voice out there into the S/M-leather communities. Excellent. I even got a date."

—Anne Williams



art by Kristin Handler

Letters to the Editors:

Come on, give it to us! Send your letters to *Venus Infers*, Editorial, 2215-R Market Street, Suite 294, San Francisco, CA 94114. All letters must include your name and address, although you can request anonymity if you want. We may have to edit or shorten your letters for clarity—please don't take it personally.

V

Classified Ad Form

Venus Infers runs personal ads from women only! We request that men do not answer ads unless the woman placing the ad specifically says that men are welcome to respond. Personal ads are free for the first 50 words. If it's longer than that, send us $10. Running your ad in later issues is only $5 an issue. For your protection and ours, we will not run ads that list a telephone number or street address. If you do not have a post office box or mail drop address, we will forward your mail for $10 dollars. The mail forwarding fee is valid for six months after the last time your classified ad is printed. Please try to reply to everyone who answers your ad, even to just say "Thanks, but no thanks."

For-profit ventures may run commercial ads. They are $10 dollars for up to 50 words, and another $10 for longer ads. You must include an address in your ad. Maximum ad length is 100 words.

Organizational ads are free for women's organizations. Please keep your ad under 50 words in length. For mixed groups or men's groups, ads are $10 for up to 50 words, and another $10 for more than 50 words up to the maximum of 100. (Yes, that's right, it's not fair, and as soon as women make that extra 49 cents, we'll change this part of the policy.) You must include an address in your ad.

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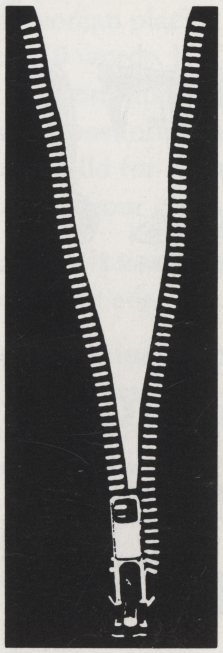

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